

Current Literature

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CURRENT FACT AND OPINION

Free Marriage and Freer Divorce

The question of marriage and divorce is engaging a good deal of attention among English writers; in the February magazines, the *New Review* and the *Fortnightly* both give space to the subject. In the *Fortnightly*, Wordsworth Donisthrope takes up a discussion started last summer by *Free Life*, and argues for greater freedom to the individual in the marriage contract. By "free marriage" he understands a less paternal interest on the part of the state in maintaining the marriage tie, and consequently a much easier method of gaining a divorce. The article is answered in the following pages by Susan H. Malmesbury, who pleads for the home, for social order, and for justice to woman by a maintenance of the present system. In the *New Review*, Mrs. Lynn Linton treats of the sanctity of the marriage tie and its abuse. She considers the question whether it is better to keep up an unworkable ideal in the teeth of fact, or confess its practical failure and "do the best we can. In many Roman-Catholic countries—not in all—where marriage is a sacrament and indissoluble, infidelity is leniently regarded. The frailty of human nature, the fact that inconstancy is part of that human nature, and the imperative need of the heart for love, have their due weight with those who rule conscience in private and those who set the order for moral allowances in public. The fetters are irremovable; therefore they are made easier in the wearing than with those who can free themselves of theirs almost at pleasure." She does not argue from this that a free appeal to divorce is desirable, but, on the contrary, finds that it is resorted to too freely in America, not enough

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in England, where infidelity alone is a sufficient cause. Habitual drunkenness, madness, and felony she thinks should also be causes for the dissolution of the marriage tie, and these only. "The preservation of the race is an instinct as strong as, and even stronger than, that of self-preservation; and, consciously or unconsciously, children are the root of marriage. What kind of children can we give to the state when one parent is a drunkard or a maniac? What is the "great sin of great cities" but the immoral propagation of disease, vice, and pauperism? What is true of the poor is true also of the rich; and a drunkard in broadcloth makes as disastrous a father as a drunkard in shoddy—a woman who has inherited madness gives no better chances to her children because she drinks champagne than one who forgets her dawning miseries in gin." Of the married felon she says: "If we think of what this offence includes, we surely must see the need of making this, too, a cause for divorce. Penal servitude for, say, twenty years—to what does this condemn the innocent partner? Why should we think it holy or wholesome to condemn one who has done no wrong to be bound to the body of this death for perhaps the whole of his or her natural life? For better, for worse? A fine ideal, surely. Yes—but how bitterly cruel, how unrighteously unjust in this special application. The woman's home left masterless—she and her children destitute—yet by the crime of her husband and the ironical sanctity of the ideal the possibility of help and protection denied her." The writer would limit divorce to these various causes, and has no patience with the law in some of the American States where divorces are granted for pure whims. She advocates these causes, believing it to be better for the state and for the family that man and wife should be separated, and sees only in the abuse of divorce a danger of too great license.

Telegraphy without Wires....New Possibilities

The trend of experiment and discovery in electrical matters is to-day toward a solution of the problem of sending telegraphic messages without wires, or in other words through the air, and even through substances. These discoveries have to do with electric waves or vibrations, and experimenters are hard at work to conquer and make use of the new phenomena. In this country Nicola Tesla, in England Lodge,

and in Germany the scientist Hertz have all been experimenting. From a recent newspaper report it appears that Tesla has been able to demonstrate the power and action of these waves, and he recently brought the matter before the members of the American Institute of Engineers. He made use of a dynamo which produced waves of immense rapidity and high power. "The current from the dynamo was led to two metal plates, so placed that one was on either side of the lecture-room walls, and they were directly opposite each other. When the current was turned on, it was discovered that the electric waves generated by the dynamo were carried or propagated through the air of the room from one plate to the other, and without any communicating medium visible to the eye, such as a wire. Extraordinary results were produced, which fascinated the spectators. They were witnessing something new, startling, perhaps almost appalling in its suggestive possibilities. When Mr. Tesla held in his hand the carbon filaments of an electric lamp so that a line drawn from one of the plates to the other would pass through the lamp, very brilliant incandescence was produced. No metallic substance whatever connected the lamp with the plates. When he withdrew the lamp, so that it was no longer within range between the two plates, the light was extinguished instantly." From this experiment all sorts of possibilities have been predicted, and a new era predicted for the commercial use of the valuable discovery. What has been done abroad in the same field may be gathered from the February number of the *Fortnightly Review*: "Rays of light will not pierce through a wall, nor, as we know only too well, through a London fog. But the electrical vibrations of a yard or more in wave-length of which I have spoken will easily pierce such mediums, which to them will be transparent. Here, then, is revealed the bewildering possibility of telegraphy without wires, posts, cables, or any of our present costly appliances. Granted a few reasonable postulates, the whole thing comes well within the realms of possible fulfilment. At the present time experimentalists are able to generate electrical waves of any desired wave-length from a few feet upward, and to keep up a succession of such waves radiating into space in all directions. It is possible, too, with some of these rays, if not with all, to refract them through suitably shaped bodies acting as lenses, and so direct a sheaf of rays in any given direction;

enormous lens-shaped masses of pitch and similar bodies have been used for this purpose. Also, an experimentalist at a distance can receive some, if not all, of these rays on a properly constituted instrument, and, by concerted signals, messages in the Morse code can thus pass from one operator to another. What, therefore, remains to be discovered is: Firstly, simpler and more certain means of generating electrical rays of any desired wave-length, from the shortest, say of a few feet in length, which will easily pass through buildings and fogs, to those long waves whose lengths are measured by tens, hundreds, and thousands of miles; secondly, more delicate receivers which will respond to wave-lengths between certain defined limits and be silent to all others; thirdly, means of darting the sheaf of rays in any desired direction, whether by lenses or reflectors, by the help of which the sensitiveness of the receiver (apparently the most difficult of the problems to be solved) would not need to be so delicate as when the rays are simply radiating into space in all directions, and fading away according to the law of inverse squares."

The Peace of Europe....How to Attain it....Revue Suisse

The year 1891 ends amid doubting yet persistent fears. It seems as if the year 1892 were destined, in popular feeling at least, to bear a sinister mark. The reason why is not far to seek; there are numberless reasons for it. First of all it is due to the continued heavy armament of all Europe, to bad crops and consequent high prices, to the nervous state of the public press, reflecting as it does the popular uneasiness, to the financial embarrassments of certain countries, private catastrophies, and finally to the date of '92 itself, which has lurked in the memory of men as of ill-omen. France itself has gained her strength again; she is stronger than ever, having a tremendous army, well drilled, caparisoned, and commanded and inspired with an enthusiasm and firmness which are truly remarkable. In spite of a simply enormous debt, France holds the highest kind of credit and has endless resources. It cannot be doubted that she is ready at any moment to maintain a strong defensive attitude against the largest of opposing armies. As to an offensive war, that is another matter altogether. She could not dream of such a thing without an ally, and the only one she could look to is Russia, a country which could probably offer her more ob-

stacles than advantages. The armies now so enormous, expenses of a war footing already unbearable, must continue to increase. New inventions are bound to be made which will oblige the nations of Europe to make over their equipments at ruinous cost in order to keep abreast of the day. In Germany, a complete change of artillery has even been spoken of. If it is brought about, other countries must follow suit and try to surpass her efforts. There will be no end of these strivings unless some war shall burst forth out of sheer weariness in waiting for it, and getting ready for it by carrying heavier and heavier burdens, or because one or the other thinks it has acquired engines of destruction better than those of its adversary, which it must make use of at an early date to avoid the danger of being forestalled. It would be foolish to expect Germany to give up Alsace-Lorraine without bounty or guaranties. France, however, can very well cede to Germany one of her many colonies, such as Tonquin, with its promising future, or her protectorate in Madagascar. Prussia, too, could exact as a penalty for the cession the dismantling of the fortresses, and guaranties that new ones should not be built. There should be nothing to hinder France from accepting this condition, her entire system of garrisons having been changed at the end of the war with Prussia. In this way Alsace-Lorraine could become a neutral country, a sort of link between the two countries, encouraging pleasant relations between them and eager to have peace maintained. The resulting accord of these two nations would tend to solve questions of interest to the whole of Europe and would help to reduce the armament of countries, for, with the principal causes of existing animosities set aside, there would be no more talk of war.

American Life at High Pressure

An interesting query is asked by Dr. Cyrus Edson in the March number of the *North American Review*: Do We Live too Fast? The proposition is summed up in the following paragraph, his conclusion being a plea to Americans to build up their bodies by physical exercise and rest: "The distinguishing characteristic of the American of to-day is his practicality. He demands as a result of his labor a tangible reward, and for the most part he seeks it in material prosperity; and the American pursues the almighty dollar with an en-

ergy, a zeal, a persistence, that is amazing. But he can sacrifice it as a duty or from sentiment. The Civil War proved what Americans would do for their country; the pension lists speak loudly as to their gratitude; the vast sums which have been raised for the unfortunate answer for their charity; the billions of money spent for education show their sense of duty. In the main, though, the American strives for wealth as the great reward in life. But the free competition and the social environment that make it possible have between them driven the pace up to a fearful speed. The American works harder than does any other man or woman on earth. His business is always with him—he has no rest, no cessation, no relief from the strain. Were he to reduce the effort, his competitors would pass him at once. This and the fact that the rewards are so rich, so sure, so quickly won, stimulate him to his greatest effort all the time. He has been aptly likened to a steam engine running constantly under a forced draught. His daily routine is one of intense and ever-present excitement. He must have a stimulus even in his recreations. The most exciting books, dramas whose gorgeousness of setting and sensational character of plot rival the dreams of Eastern tellers of tales, athletic games that demand the utmost effort, horses whose speed is that of railroad trains, yachts that fly over the surface of the sea—these and a thousand other things, all intense, all startling, all sensational, are the occupation of his leisure hours."

Talk of a Revolution in Russia

Dr. Washburn, of Roberts College, in Constantinople, predicts, in an article in the *Independent*, a possible revolution as the outcome of the terrible sufferings of the Russians from famine. "The Russia," he says, "of which we have heard so much of late—the Russia of the court and the administration, or of the nihilists and the Siberian convicts—is not the Russia of the sixty millions of peasants. It is the small, half-Europeanized, 'enlightened' Russia. The Russia which is now starving is the unknown Russia, and it is this even more than the 'enlightened' Russia which has suffered from the blind and brutal despotism of the government. This famine is only a symptom of their condition. Aside from its general responsibility, the government has failed to do what it might have done to avert this calamity. All through the

autumn, when the condition of these provinces was well known, when the rivers were open, and there was an abundance of food in neighboring provinces, the government devoted its energies to the army—to the transport of troops, the filling of vast storehouses on the frontiers in preparation for aggressive war, and in collecting taxes from the starving. I am told that up to within a few years there was always grain enough stored in these provinces to save them from the danger of famine, but that the government abolished these granaries as a fiscal measure. It is only now, when it is too late, when the rivers are frozen, when transportation is almost impossible, and when an immense quantity of food has been exported, that the government is making a pretence of vigorous action. It is certain that no adequate relief can now be given, and there seems to be great danger of the continuation of the famine over another year—the weather having been extremely unfavorable and very little winter wheat having been sown. What Europe has to fear from this famine is the outbreak of revolution in Russia. The circumstances of the country are very similar to those which existed in France a hundred years ago, and which resulted in the French revolution and the universal war which followed it. This is true of the government and the educated classes as well as of the starving peasants. Everything is ready for revolution. Here, as in France, famine may precipitate it, especially if it is prolonged over another year. There are, however, two questions which no one is prepared to answer: How far can the czar depend upon the army? Is there any chance of the peasants finding leaders among themselves? As to the army, it is probable that it has been concentrated upon the frontiers, not in view of an offensive war, but to remove it from the influence of the disaffected, starving people in the interior. If this supposition is correct, it would seem that the czar is not quite sure of the army. The soldiers are peasants, and would undoubtedly be in sympathy with any general movement among their people. On the frontiers they are kept in ignorance of their present suffering, but if it is prolonged they must find it out, and it is at least doubtful whether they could be depended upon to put down a serious outbreak of revolution. The most important question, then, is the second. The *moujik* is a being by himself, and seems to be almost as little understood by enlightened Russians as

by foreigners. Liberals and nihilists have equally failed to comprehend him, but there are sixty millions of them; and the man who can rouse them to action will control the empire. It is not impossible that such a man may appear among these famine-stricken millions; but if he is to lead them he must be himself a *moujik*, and it is very certain that he will not be a disciple of Tolstoi. He will be a man of fire and blood."

Influenza and Salicin....T. J. MacLagan....Nineteenth Century

There is good reason to believe that the poison of influenza is of malarial origin—a miasm, and therefore an organism. Its action seems to be concentrated on the nerve centres, as that of rheumatic fever is on the muscles and joints. Everything pertaining to influenza is still *sub judice*, and from want of sufficient evidence we cannot talk with the same certainty about it as we can about rheumatic fever; but there is not a little evidence to show that salicin in full and frequent doses cures influenza more rapidly than does any other mode of treatment. All the cases that I have seen now during three epidemics have been so treated, and not one has terminated fatally. In the *Lancet* of July 18th, 1891, Mr. Turner gives an account of two hundred and fifteen cases so treated, all of which got quickly well. He has had no fatal case, and like myself few anxious ones. He adds that "the subsequent depression has been much less and of much shorter duration than in similar cases which I had treated with quinine and salines before trying the experiment of the large and frequent doses of salicin." The theory of its action is that in influenza, as in rheumatic fever, it kills the germs without injuring the system. The line of treatment, therefore, is to saturate the system with salicin as quickly as possible. The importance of beginning the treatment early cannot be exaggerated. If the influenza parasite finds its nidus in the nerve-centres, as there is reason to believe, it cannot act on these centres for many hours without causing serious irritation and enfeeblement of the centre on which it acts. It seems to have a special preference for the centre which presides over the lungs, for that which presides over the heart, and that which presides over the digestive organs. Enfeeblement of the heart centre gives a liability to heart failure, and many cases of influenza have proved fatal in this way. Enfeeblement of the centre which dominates the lung gives a liability to pneumonia, bron-

chitis, and congestion. Enfeeblement of the gastric centres materially interferes with the ingestion of the food and the remedies required, while the general enfeeblement of all the centres gives rise to the prostration and debility so characteristic of the disease. To cut short as quickly as possible the life of the parasite which is at the root of all the trouble is the object of the treatment by salicin. Salicin seems also to exercise some protective influence. Personally, I took last year, when the disease was so prevalent, ten grains three times a day for many weeks. During one week in the middle of May I was so pressed by work that I forgot all about it and omitted it; at the end of the week I was down with influenza. May it not, so taken, kill the germs of this fever (the first intruders) as soon as they get into the system? In the hope that it does so, I am now taking ten grains three times a day. But it is still a subject of investigation. In recommending its use I am constantly met by the objection, "But is it not very lowering?" It never is so. Salicin is a simple bitter, the natural product of the bark of the willow, and is a useful tonic; while salicylate of soda is a compound prepared from carbolic acid, and often does produce serious disturbance of the heart and brain. Salicin may be given in frequent and full doses with impunity; salicylate of soda may not always be so given. Whether or not salicin destroys the influenza germ, time will show. Certain it is that it is among substances such as it—those which have a destructive action on minute organisms without any injurious action on the system—that a remedy for influenza is to be sought; and it is in this field of research that medicine is likely to find some of her greatest future triumphs.

The Locomotive of the Future

The speed we shall attain in travelling is engaging the attention of the public and engineers alike, and people have set a standard of one hundred miles an hour as the desired goal, just as the two-minute trotter is the object of the breeder's desire. Scribner's for March contains a symposium from scientific writers on the subject. First and foremost among these is the veteran writer M. N. Forney, who after an examination of all the problems entering the question is satisfied that a speed of one hundred miles an hour is out of the question for an ordinary locomotive. Theodore N. Ely

is more hopeful, believing that by compounding the use of steam such an end may some time be reached. "The measure of the speed and capacity of the locomotive rests in the fire-box, the length and breadth of which cannot exceed certain dimensions. It therefore follows that when this furnace is arranged to burn the maximum quantity of fuel, the steam-producing limit will be reached, and with it the limit of speed. But this steam must be used to the very best advantage as relating to the proportions of the locomotive as well as to its type; the first of these are already well known, and it will probably be found that some form of compounding will suggest the type. With these limitations the speed of locomotives with passenger trains will not fall far short of 100 miles an hour; by which is meant a sustained speed at that rate, as, for instance, a trip between New York and Philadelphia in about one hour, or between New York and Chicago in ten or eleven hours." A third article in the symposium, by Walter H. Webb, deals more particularly with what has been accomplished in the highest type of the locomotive of to-day. Referring to the famous run on the Central tracks to Buffalo in September last, he gives the following interesting facts:

"A careful schedule of the running time of each mile was kept, an analysis of which shows the following:

"Four hundred and thirty-six miles were run in 426 minutes.

"One hundred and thirty miles were run at a rate of less than 60 miles per hour.

"One hundred and eighteen miles were run at a rate varying from 60 to 65 miles per hour.

"One hundred and fifty-one miles were run at a rate varying from 65 to 70 miles per hour.

"Thirty-seven miles were run at a rate varying from 70 to 78 miles per hour.

"The schedule and analysis certainly indicate a radical change in the conditions affecting fast passenger-train service in this country. For many years the problem has been to obtain power sufficient to draw heavy trains long distances at high rates of speed. The above figures make it evident that steam will without difficulty furnish power sufficient to take a train heavy enough to be profitable over a long distance at a rate of speed very much in excess of an average of 60 miles per hour; and attention is now diverted from the motive power to other departments of the railroads and a

consideration of whether the roadbed, bridges, tracks, and safety appliances are such as to permit the use of this power and speed with entire safety and comfort to passengers."

Present State of the Panama Canal....E. H. Seymour....Nineteenth Century

It is very sad—I use the word advisedly—to see the present desolate condition of the works, and, as I have before said, the large quantity of "plant" deteriorating; also the numberless houses for laborers (nay, villages even), once teeming with human life, and now empty and silent. If the work had been completed and triumphant, these would only speak of manly toil well directed by great forethought, care, skill, and intelligence; of a high courage that had warred against a deadly climate and long and frequent pestilences, and of a perseverance and energy that had resisted the enervating and demoralizing effects of life in a tropical and often marshy jungle, till all these had deservedly led to success. But, alas! the true picture is far different. About eighteen and a half miles of the canal are actually cut to their full width at the ocean-level water-line, and for about half that distance the officials assured me they had been dug down to the full depth of twenty-nine feet; though, since the works ceased, at the end of 1889, no doubt much earth has been washed in again. Of these eighteen and a half miles, thirteen and a half are at the Atlantic and five miles at the Pacific end. I navigated all these waters in steam or pulling boats, when to the eye the canal in many parts appeared as if finished. Of the mighty Culebra cutting, the least reduction in height is about sixty feet, but in some places it has been cut down for over one hundred feet in depth. The course of the canal is marked out throughout its length, and generally, I should say, not less than ten to thirty feet of cutting made, but the tropical vegetation is quickly springing up, and railway rolling-stock and other "plant" are in places nearly hidden by jungle. The nearest estimate I could form from visiting the canal works, and talking to the people on the spot, about the proportion of work done was, that as an approach to the first intention—viz., an ocean-level canal—not more than one-fifth was accomplished, leaving entirely out of consideration the question of damming, and dealing with the Chagres River and its floods; but that, supposing the lake scheme were found quite feasible, the result arrived at

in the end of 1889 might equal one-third of the whole at the most favorable estimate. But it must be remembered that every month now the canal-works are going backward from the ordinary process of nature, which is specially active in the tropics, and that such serious floods as have often been known on the isthmus (for example in 1879) would do them immense and even incalculable damage.

A Military World....The New York Times

The world has often been more warlike, but it has never been more military than it is to-day. Great wars come at longer intervals than in the past, but the armies that are kept on foot are such as the strategists of the last century never saw. Militarism does not fight much, but it is constantly drilling, arming and rearming, mobilizing, going through the manœuvres of mock campaigns, absorbing more of the energy of the youth of a nation, and accustoming people to think of peace as but a truce. The armies of the world are larger than the armies of the last century, for the basis of their organization has been radically changed. One hundred years ago the principle of voluntary enlistment prevailed in most nations. Governments, or at least some governments, reserved the right of pressing their subjects into service in periods of great public danger, and exercised this right vigorously. But in times of peace soldiers were a class apart, and soldiering was a career which but a small part of the men of a nation followed. Great armies which were raised for war were rapidly reduced when peace came. The arming and training of a whole nation was not regarded as good policy by the statesmen of the last century. It might have proved exceedingly inconvenient at times. In England there has always been a standing jealousy of the standing army, and on the Continent a hundred years ago the monarchs kept up armies, small as compared with those of to-day, officered by nobles trained to implicit obedience, and taking their orders from the throne. Kings who wanted to keep down parliaments kept up armies. With the French Revolution came a change in the composition and organization of armies, which has had the most marked effect on the military and political history of the world. The force which France suddenly exerted when she organized her whole people into an army she hurled against all Europe with crushing effect.

The French army became the model, and the conscription became the method. Thus, a free people organizing voluntarily into a great army set the example for the great armies which have since kept down altogether or checked the progress of liberal principles. The military monarchies retained what the French discarded; and in most if not all of the great European armies, save that of France, the noble commands and the peasantry and the middle class obey. How great the change has been is apparent when we recall that eighty years ago the host which Napoleon assembled for the invasion of Russia—450,000 men—was deemed a power so vast that it was likened to the great horde that Xerxes led. And yet the army which Napoleon led into Russia was not as large as that which France keeps under arms to-day in a period of profound peace. The French army in France alone musters fully 525,000 officers and men, and the French forces in the colonies carry the total up to 600,000, to say nothing of reserves. Facing the French army are 500,000 German soldiers, actually present for duty, behind whom is a reserve that brings the German trained fighting strength capable of mobilization up to 2,200,000. There must be in these two nations alone, at the most conservative estimate, almost 7,000,000 men who have served as soldiers, and thought as soldiers, and who give immense strength to military sentiment. Of all the nations of Europe, England alone has escaped militarism in its most pronounced form. Her army is still recruited; but though it is the smallest army of those of the great powers, its strength exhibits a wonderful increase as compared with what it was in the not remote past. As a matter of fact, the British standing army is little more than two centuries old. It began with a force of less than 10,000 men. At the close of the war of the American Revolution, the British army did not much exceed 110,000 men. In the Napoleonic wars it had fully 300,000 men. As was the custom in those days, it was greatly reduced when peace came, and in 1820 its effective strength was about 90,000. To-day the British army is 210,000 strong, exclusive of Indian and colonial troops, reserves, volunteers, and militia. The United States has escaped militarism, but military sentiment is vastly stronger in the community than it was thirty years ago as the result of the war. In 1860 the man who had seen service was a notability in his community. To-day the veteran is

encountered in every walk of life. Our little Regular Army is twice as strong as it was before the war, and enjoys twenty times as much consideration as was accorded to it in 1860. A reasonable increase of its strength would provoke no popular demonstration of hostility. Taken altogether, the United States keeps ready forty thousand fighting men under pay in the army, navy, and marine corps, and nobody's liberty is endangered. The increase of this force, gradually brought about, would be generally regarded by the nation as consistent with a policy of timely precautions. Great armies and no great wars is a condition of affairs that confutes a favorite maxim of many students. Perhaps the great expense of great armies in active service constitutes the bond that militarism unwittingly gives to preserve the peace.

The American Sunday....David Swing....The Forum

The Puritanic Sunday has been dying all through this century, and a modified holy day has come in its stead. The new season is often called the European Sunday, but in this nation at least the name is not yet applicable. The American Sunday is a resultant made by the union of many forces. The old, severe season dies for want of an adequate reason of existence. It was too inhuman to meet the need of humanity; but this decay of the old does not prove that a formal substitute has appeared. The real truth is that the European Sunday is a poor thing, and the American Sunday contains many undesirable attributes. Neither of these days contains rest enough. Even if the element of worship is left out of view, there is not rest enough in the time to make it full of value to mind and body. The Sunday of the Church—Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish—should of course be more religious. The United States cannot as a nation deal heavily in religious ideas. The Sunday of those who worship a Creator must add to the beauties of the citizen's Sunday acts and hours of worship and deeds of charity. It need not cast away any part of the civil Sunday; it may only add to it the worship and active benevolence which follow as effects from the espousal of a religion; but it cannot ally its sacred season in any manner with daily labor, the bull-fight, the race-track, or with the low amusements of the Roman past, nor with the melancholy and inhuman customs of the Puritans. In the higher light of the present times the European and Puritanic

days must be looked upon as experiments which failed and which to the fact of failure added the additional disgrace of deserving their fate. Rome made a Sunday, Calvinism made a Sunday. It is no insult to those workmen to say that they would better try again. All institutions pass through a period of childhood. If Rome once held views in astronomy which it has since recalled, if Calvinism once threw into the flames children who have been plucked from the fire by later hands, it is probable that the Sunday these Christians once made needs many new moments of deep thought and bold touches of reconstruction. Some great merit lies hidden in the idea of Sunday. The Hebrew race pointed toward a weekly physical rest for mankind; in the same direction some pagan races pointed; thither Christ pointed when he said the Sabbath was made for man; in the same direction unasked by inspiration the Catholic Church reached out its holy hand; toward the same good the Protestants made an earnest and sacred attempt to guide the modern millions; and toward a day of rest and elevated conduct many a statesman, studying this world alone, has looked with approval and patriotic hope. It becomes our eminent religionists and social economists to inquire what is the good toward which all these fingers have steadily pointed. There are Catholics, Jews, and Protestants in this land whose eyes sweep a wider horizon than was scanned by any former period. The multiplying millions, the awakened intellects which can grow in vice as easily as in virtue, the needless work and pain of a people made half wild by liberty, the value of all true education and study, whether it comes from the arts or the fields or the sanctuary, join in asking the thinkers powerful in the Church to discover what kind of Sunday will most truly bless man, not only as a religious being, but also as a being capable of a greatness and happiness upon earth. The occupation of this country by the European Sunday ought to be looked upon as only a calamity. Such a day intensifies passions the Sunday was designed to abate. It doubles the opportunity of both vice and crime. Under it society can live indeed, but the spectacle is a poor one compared with the vision of a great nation in which the dreamer sees the labors of the week all suspended for one day, the dens of temptation all closed, the churches, the parks, the libraries, the galleries, the fields all open, and frequented by millions of persons in youth or in

old age who one day in seven touch existence on its greater side. If these millions cannot all feel with the Hebrews that God is in the silence, they can all feel for one day that there is much of nobleness and happiness possible to mankind.

Independent Theatre of New York....Jas. L. Ford....Lippincott's Magazine

It is probable, at the moment of writing, that the close of the present dramatic season will see a free or independent theatre established in New York. The scheme, which has been often discussed during the past two or three years, is now assuming definite shape in the hands of men who are not only eager but competent to carry it through. The free theatre of New York will, to a certain extent, resemble in plan and methods its famous forerunner, the Théâtre Libre of Paris. This organization owes its existence and success to its present head, M. Antoine, who was a few years ago an employee of a Paris gas company at a very small salary, and a member of an amateur dramatic association which gave occasional performances of standard French plays. One day M. Antoine suggested to his associates that they should produce some new untried pieces instead of the old stock favorites; and the final result of this suggestion was the production on March 30th, 1887, of four new one-act plays, one of which found an immediate purchaser in the manager of the Odéon. This was the beginning of the Théâtre Libre, which is now one of the recognized institutions of Paris, occupying its own niche in the world of literature and the stage, which, in France, are blood relations. The Théâtre Libre gives eight productions a year, the seats for which bring very high prices, while the demand for tickets is always much greater than the supply. I do not know that the Théâtre Libre has given a single great play to the world, or developed one dramatist, but its representations have always proved full of interest. The interest awakened by the representation at the Théâtre Libre led to the establishment of the Freie Berline Theatre in Berlin and the Independent Theatre in London, neither of which has proved successful. It will lead eventually to the establishment of a similar temple of art in New York, where a decided impetus was given to the project early in December last, when Mr. A. M. Palmer gave New Yorkers an opportunity to see James A. Herne's Margaret Fleming.

ART, MUSIC, AND DRAMA

Invasion of Modern Vandals

Whenever Ouida speaks it is to some purpose. She has been incensed by the iconoclasts of the day in Italy; and in the Fortnightly Review she charges furiously upon those that are wantonly desecrating the artistic relics of Italy. "To the student," she says, "the artist, the archæologist, to live in Rome now is to suffer inexpressibly, every hour, in mind and heart. Who does not know the piazza of San Giovanni Laterano as it was? The most exquisite scene of earth stretched around the most beautiful basilica of the world! Go there now: the horizon is closed and the landscape effaced; vile modern erections, crowded, paltry, monstrous, in their impudence and in their degradation, shut out the green plains, the azure hills, the divine etherial distance, and close around the spiritual beauty of the great church, like bow-legged ban-dogs round a stag at bay. The intolerable outrage of it, the inconceivable shame of it, the crass, senseless, piggish obstinacy and stupidity which make such havoc possible, would fill the dullest soul with indignation, had it but the faintest spark of poetic fire in it. Yet such things are being done yearly, daily, hourly, ceaselessly, and with impunity all over Italy, and no voice is raised in protest. Whenever any such voice is raised, it is never that of an Italian; it is that of Ruskin, Story, Yriarte, Taine, Vernon Lee, Augustus Hare, or it is my own, to the begetting of ten thousand enemies, to the receiving of twice ten thousand maledictions. Nor is it only in the great cities that such ruin is wrought. In every little hamlet, on every hill and plain there is the same process of destruction going on. Along those famous hillsides, which rise above Careggi, there was, until a few months ago, a landmark dear to all the countryside, a line of colossal cypresses which had been planted there by the hand of the Pater Patriæ, Cosimo de' Medici himself. These grand and noble trees were lately sold, with the ground on which they stood, to a native doctor of Florence, who immediately felled them. Yet if before this unpardonable action, in looking on the fallen giants, any one is moved to see the pity of it and curse the stupid greed which set the axe at their sacred trunks, he who does so mourn is never

the prince, the noble, the banker, the merchant, the tradesman; it is some foreign painter or scholar, or some peasant of the soil who remembers the time when one vast avenue connected Florence and Prato. Within one mile of each other there are, near Florence, a green knoll, crowned with an ancient church, and a green little river, shaded by poplar trees; the beauty of the little hill was an historic tower, dating from the year 1000, massive, mighty, very strong, having withstood the wars of eight centuries; at its foot was a stately and aged stone pine; the beauty of the river was a wide bend, where the trees and the hills opened out from the water, and a graceful wooden bridge spanned it, chiefly used by the millers' carts and the peasants' mules. In the gracious spring-time of last year the old tower was pulled down to be used for building materials, for which it was found that it could not be used, and the stone pine has been felled, because its shade prevented a few beans, to the value of, perhaps, two francs, growing beneath it; on the river the white wooden bridge has been pulled down, and a huge red brick structure, like a ponderous railway bridge, hideous, grotesque, and shutting out all the sylvan view up stream, has been erected in its stead, altogether unfitted for the slender rural traffic which alone passes there, and costing a heavy price, levied by taxation from a rural, and far from rich, community. Thus are two exquisite landscapes wantonly spoiled, marred, ruined; no one who has known those scenes, as they were a year ago, can endure to look at them as they are; there was no plea or pretext of necessity for such a change, the one was due to private greed, the other to municipal brutishness and speculation; some persons are a few pounds the heavier in purse, the country is for ever so much the poorer. There is, within another mile, an old castellated villa with two mighty towers, one at either end, and within it chambers, pannelled with oak carvings of the Quattro Cento, of great delicacy and vigor of execution; it stands amid a rich champagne country, abounding in vine and grain and fruits, and bears one of the greatest names of history. It is now about to be turned into a candle manufactory! In vain do the agriculturists around protest that the filthy stench of the offal which will be brought there, and the noxious fumes of the smoke, which will pour from the furnace chimney about to be erected among its fir-trees, will do infinite harm to the vineyards and orchards

around. No one gives ear to their lament. Private cupidity and communal greed run hand in hand; and the noble building is doomed. Who can hold their soul in patience or seal their lips to silence before such impiety and imbecility as this?"

Corot the Generous

Camille Thurwanger, a godson of the painter Corot, contributes to the *New England Magazine* an article descriptive of the life and character of the great artist, which is replete with interesting anecdotes. None of these are more vivid than those which dwell upon his well-known generosity of heart. Corot, during his later years, was in receipt of a good income, left him by his father. It was tied up so that he could not touch any of it—and perhaps fortunately, for, as it was, he gave away everything he could. "Corot was an equal proprietor," says his biographer, "with his sister of a house in Paris. A man came to him one day, saying: 'I am one of your tenants. I owe you nine months' rent, and you have threatened to put me out if I do not pay you within three days. I have come to ask you to believe me upon my word of honor, that it will be impossible for me to pay you before a month, when I shall receive a considerable amount due me. If you will have confidence in me, I will see that you are paid promptly at that time.' Corot declared that he did not know anything about the affair, and did not understand why he came to him, for he never troubled himself about his property, leaving this care entirely to his sister, 'who comprehended business matters better than he.' The man then begged him to intercede in his behalf, but Corot would not hear of it, protesting that he would not dare to do so; and when his visitor renewed his promises, Corot said: 'Hear me—as you give me your word of honor that you will be able to pay in a month we will do something even better. I will give you the necessary money to pay my sister what you owe *us*, and in a few weeks you can repay me; but do not say a word of this to my sister, for she would scold me!' The tenant kept his word, returned the money, and guarded the secret till the day of Corot's death. On other occasions his generosity had been equally great. Daumier, an artist once well known for his spiritual and humoristic talent, had become almost totally blind, and, not having been enriched by his talent, was obliged to retire to very modest quarters

in the country. His friends and fellow students, Corot, Daubigny, Dupré, Francais, and others, were in the habit of assembling in the room of the poor blind artist to spend the evenings, trying to make him forget his misfortune by their well-meaning gayety and friendship. In spite of their efforts the unhappy Daumier still suffered with a melancholy strange to his character. Corot noticed it and tried to discover its cause. Through the neighbors he found out that Daumier possessed only very small resources and that he found himself unable to pay for his lodgings. His landlord, to whom he owed nine months' rent, had threatened to turn him out if he did not pay him soon. A few days afterward Daumier received a package of papers, which proved to be the deed, in his own name, of the house and grounds; a slip of paper enclosed bore these words: 'My dear friend, I now defy your landlord to put you out of doors. Corot.' Daumier, who was very proud, would have refused the gift from any other person, but when he met his benefactor he embraced him and murmured, while weeping: 'Ah, Corot, you are the only one from whom I could accept such a present without feeling humiliated.' A few months before Corot's death, his friend F. Millet died, leaving a widow and eleven children almost penniless. The art world was moved, and the State was induced to give a pension to Millet's wife. Corot, finding the sum insufficient, added to it an annual allowance of one thousand francs. Almost immediately after this, feeling his own health decline rapidly, he desired to secure the widow of his friend against the loss of this assistance consequent upon his own death; therefore, he turned over to her the capital necessary to give her this annual income for the rest of her life, and sent it to her with these words: 'In this way, I am sure that in no case of misfortune may you have to suffer inconvenience.' His death, which occurred soon after, shows this to have been a wise consideration. Although in later years his work brought the highest of prices, he could not persuade himself to ask such sums. Once, though, at the opening of an exhibition, he received a telegraphic inquiry about one of his exhibited works. 'The manner of this amateur,' Corot afterward said, 'made me believe in my success and gave me a certain audacity. I responded—also by telegram: "Picture unsold; price ten thousand francs." Just imagine, my friend, what a bold and haughty answer!

such a thing had never occurred to me! An hour afterward another despatch announced that the affair was settled and that my demand was accepted with thanks. I was stunned, and I thought surely I had forgotten a cipher in my figure. To make this matter clear, I wrote by mail, this time writing the price in full. It proved to be all right.' "

Mozart's Improvement of Handel....F. J. Crowest....Blackwood's Magazine

One of the most debatable episodes in the artistic life of Mozart springs from his additional accompaniments to Handel's Messiah, etc. Here a great principle was concerned—one which ought never to have been countenanced. As it was and is—and there is an authority no less than Mozart's for an *imperium in imperio* in music—we are left face to face with this broad condition, with the right to deliberate upon results. In Mozart's case all the surrounding conditions appertaining to the question were present, and these tend to greatly facilitate inquiry. Conceding the point of "improving" a deceased composer's scores, the case still demands the necessity for the interference, and the ability to carry it out. It must be admitted, in extenuation of Mozart's work, that in this respect he was on good ground, especially so far as the Messiah was concerned—which score, be it remembered, was not in those days regarded with anything approaching the reverence which attaches to it now. Taking the point of necessity first, the case is as follows: The work was to be performed in Vienna, in a building which possessed no organ, and those responsible for the production of the score were sensible of the loss which would attend the absence of those masterly accompaniments which the mighty contrapuntist was wont to improvise upon the organ whenever the Messiah was performed. These accompaniments varied at the will of Handel; but tradition and record alike testify to their stirring magnificence. It was to supply the place of these impromptu accompaniments that Mozart undertook Baron van Swieten's commission to write such additions for the orchestra as the giant harmonist might have secured upon the organ. This was in 1789. Among the most notable of these additional accompaniments are the beautiful "wind" parts to "The people that walked in darkness"—an excellent Mozartian commentary upon Handel, but by no means Handelian in character, although we can well imagine

the great Saxon in a benevolent mood tolerating Mozart's celestial harmonies with delight, conscious the while that the great breadth of the Messiah music could never be impaired. In "Why do the nations?" Mozart has gained an excellent effect by the introduction of trumpets and drums, both of which instruments were within the reach of Handel—the former, indeed, being a favorite with Handel. The trumpet part in Handel's "The trumpet shall sound" was in the original MS. so trying that Mozart rewrote the song, because his trumpeter could not play the trumpet part. Recent performers have proved, however, that, though difficult, Handel's trumpet *obbligato* is by no means impossible of execution. Another chaste effect gained by Mozart in the Messiah is from the substitution of the flute for the violin in the accompaniment to the air, "How beautiful are the feet!" In another of Handel's works, the Ode to St. Cecilia's Day, Mozart's orchestral additions have been received with less favor. The trumpet part in "The trumpet's loud clangor," relegated by Mozart to the flute and oboe in unison, is no improvement upon Handel. On the other hand, few will deny that the thoroughly suitable effect secured by Mozart's added viola part, with dissonances, in the song, "Sharp violins proclaim," merits all praise. The baldness of Handel's violins and bass—the violins being often in the unison—is not to be disregarded; and much of this sort of thing (for this was Handel's customary song accompaniment), both in the Ode under notice and in his other scores, could only have been improved when graced by a Mozart's master-hand. Colorable instrumental accompaniments, where little else existed beyond a melody and figured bass—the filling-in part falling to the harpsichord—could not but prove beneficial; and, generally speaking, this is allowed of Mozart's additional accompaniments to Handel's scores. Some critics maintain that in the Messiah accompaniments Mozart has not risen to the level of that noble work: Certainly the Salzburg master has not caught the stern simplicity, or the peculiar Handelian "flavor," which belongs to Sebastian Bach's only rival; but that Mozart has provided a means by which the giant Saxon's works may be rendered more comfortable with modern orchestral requirements, admits of no doubt. Here Mozart's real worth steps in. Without any intention to defraud Handel of his worth, the one has brought the bald scores of his

predecessor within the domain of modern orchestral expectation, and in this way may have well served Handel. Be it remembered, the composer of the Messiah never dreamed that he was composing for a later generation than that of his own day, nor did it enter his head that a century after, his notes and cadences would be duplicated by the steam-press, or, doubtless, he would have exerted himself to leave his scores in a more finished state. Much that Mozart has added is probably the reverse of what Handel would have written; yet what has been done is infinitely better than the comparatively blank score which custom of the day permitted, and which, with his natural carelessness, and an utter disregard for notoriety or posthumous fame, Handel probably thought would fully answer his purpose. There is a growing circle of musical thinkers who long to hear Handel's master-piece strictly to the letter. Such legitimists may console themselves with the reflection that, while providing themselves with a novelty, it would be a poor musical treat to be without many of the surroundings which attach to a present-day performance of the Messiah, among which stand Mozart's additional accompaniments. Mozart sought to preserve Handel: conductors of all ages will do well to respect the joint master-work.

Sarasate the Poet.... Joseph A. Graham....*The Kansas City Times*

Sarasate the violinist gave us two versions of perfection. Sarasate the poet gave us but one. The performer of the Kreutzer Sonata and the lyrist of the Mendelssohn concerto were two different beings. Those who listened will long hug to themselves the belief that but few audiences in America have held the Spaniard in such mood. The superb playing of Thursday night had won him an appreciation he must have felt, and when he looked at the warm expectation alive in the faces before him, his Latin blood must have received the radiation. He held very gently his most precious violin, the glorious Stradivarius, which has never been touched by the repairer and whose maple back has been softly rubbed by time until, like the thinning silver of the laureate's head, it hints at the ripened melodies of generations of dreams, which began before we learned to think. Mendelssohn was the flower of the ideal school. The man was composed of gayety and delicacy; melancholy and delicacy; affection and delicacy; always delicacy, exquisite taste and fidelity in life and

music to his ideal. The violin concerto—it is beautiful to know that he wrote but one—is as original and characteristic as ever work was of man. Perfect in form and pure in sentiment as the ether of the stellar spaces is pure, it must be played as poetry or it were better left unheard. For all of us it has been played as an exhibition piece. The andante has been tried by every violinist who essays public appearance. After Sarasate's reading all others seem coarse and unfeeling familiarity. The intensely tender opening allegro, "in that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts to the mind," began with an appealing tone which floated into the heart like a perfume. A little more strongly the bow pressed, and the tone took a faint emphasis rather than an appreciable loudness and swelled slowly to the end of the first phrase. Again the softly swelling high notes and the sighs of the harmonics preceded the deepening emphasis. Through all the delicate tenderness of movement the tempo was rapid but never hurried, and never showing a suspicion of the hardness which rapidity compels of ordinary players. The arpeggios were song and the cadenza a revelation from the genius of music. The second movement, the one we hear most frequently, preserved the mood but with the repose which belongs to its character. The beautiful double stops were as soft and sweet as the lightest touch upon a single string. They have never here been produced with that silky effect. The last movement was taken with astonishing rapidity after an introduction slower than usual—a most expressive treatment. Effortless finish could not go further. The extreme rapidity, so easily and delicately carved out, seemed to produce not notes, but "the gay notes that people the sunbeams." The tied notes that just precede the brilliant gayety of the conclusion were trilled as no other violinist can trill. It is a feathery whirr with no intervals between the notes that the ear can distinguish. Still the same effortless suavity. The bow flashed through the final passage, and the most poetic utterance that the purest idyll in concerto form known to violinists ever received within the hearing of musicians who were present and who had been trained, some of them, in Paris, Leipsic and Copenhagen, was over. To speak of the performance in such terms may seem extravagance. It is rather less than the impression, for words can with difficulty translate the feeling of Mendelssohn's most

cobweb-like composition, read *con amore* by a sympathetic artist like Sarasate. Critics may argue and decide that he is not broad enough in style to adequately play the Kruezer Sonata. The memory of that spiritual communion with Mendelssohn will be laid away in the satin and spices of the hearts of more than one lover of music, and more than one will hesitate to listen to the concerto again. Even Sarasate again will disturb the dream. The ethereal is subject to no laws and the forms it takes cannot be reproduced.

The Drama of the Heavens....A Scenic Experiment

A novel experiment, and one that cannot fail to prove widely popular, was undertaken recently at the instigation of Andrew Carnegie at his new Music Hall in New York City. It consists in the representation on the stage of various marvels of the heavens. The original undertaking in Berlin was under the charge of Dr. M. W. Myer of the Urania Institute, who is also carrying out the idea in New York. The Urania Institute is in reality a company of amateur astronomers who have regularly incorporated themselves with a capital of \$100,000 for the purpose of giving public scenic displays of the many wonders which have heretofore been the particular enjoyment of those that have had experience in observatories, or have had the benefit of lectures in colleges. Edward S. Holden, now director of the Lick observatory, in writing recently of the prospects of success of such a scheme in this country, said: "I have not the latest report of the Urania Institute at hand, but I notice from the report of 1889 that in one year the institute in Berlin was open on 268 days; that more than 95,000 persons visited it; that among these visitors were 11,000 school children, about 6,000 members of workingmen's societies, about 8,000 members of other societies, etc.; that 313 lectures of ninety minutes and no less than 582 half-hour lectures had been delivered. It is obvious that such an institution, equipped with all the apparatus for research, with all the latest appliances for teaching, and conducted by highly intelligent and educated men, cannot fail to be of immense use. It is university extension in an excellent form, and it has approved itself in Germany. I understand that Mr. Carnegie's idea is to discover whether there is a real demand for such an establishment in New York and in other American cities, and to help to found such

institutions if there is. The demand certainly exists in America, as I know from personal experience. More than 16,000 visitors have been registered on the Lick Observatory books in the three years of its existence, and to visit Mount Hamilton means a stage ride of fifty miles, an expense of two days in time and of something over ten dollars in money, at the least. Moreover, we are only able to give one night in the week (Saturday) to visitors. The demand certainly exists, and if an *Urania* were to be established in New York or Chicago it would be prosperous and very useful. My object in writing this letter is to bear testimony to this effect, and to do what little lies in my power to further the project." The general idea is to take advantage of the latest improvements in stage mechanism and scene painting, to present a series of tableaux of heavenly wonders. Cloud forms, effects of solar light, phenomena of space, the marvelous changes of geology and peculiar phases of nature are in turn represented on the stage, while a brief lecture accompanies the representations. The first of the series was *A Trip to the Moon*, to the accompaniment of shifting scenes. The first of these represents a beautiful spot on Lake Geneva, with darkness changing gradually to morning twilight, out of which, by gradual transformation, the spectators are shown the curious phenomenon of a total eclipse with all its accompanying changes of nature. In the second scene a solar eclipse is noticed from a point of view above the earth. The beholder is carried into a dark and star-bespangled sky, from which he witnesses the event from a nearer point of view, the earth being represented in the tableau as one of the stars in the firmament and of such a size as to make it possible for the spectator to follow the effect of the eclipse as it crosses the face of the earth. The third scene represents an eclipse of the moon; while the fourth shows the surface of the moon itself in looking at it from a point of view about 4,800 miles distant. In the second act the spectator is supposed to have reached the moon itself and sees about him the striking features of its landscape, two of its large mountains, *Aristarchus* and *Herodotus*, rising in the foreground, while the bleak deserts and wildernesses which we know to exist there are represented scenically to the eye. In the following scenes of this act the spectator beholds various lunar landscapes, some of them illuminated by the pale bluish light supposed to be radiated by the distant earth.

Then follows a solar eclipse of the moon. The third act represents a lunar eclipse in the highlands. Then follows a sun-set in the Indian ocean, in which are brought out not alone the gorgeous effects of light, but curiosities of natural volcanic formation on the earth, comparable to the character of what has been seen in the moon.

The Musical Lion....Ignace Paderewski

The musical hero of the day is Ignace Paderewski, to whom in the *March Century* are devoted a portrait, a critical study, a biographical sketch, and a poem, the last by R. W. Gilder. The critical study terms him "an inspired and phenomenal pianist," and finds that his ability to hold an audience of the highest culture and to interest one of less intelligence and taste is of the rarest kind. Biographically considered, it appears that he is of an old Polish family, having been born thirty-two years ago in Podolia. His taste and ability were pronounced in early life, so that "at sixteen young Paderewski made a tour through Russia. During this journey he played his own compositions and those of other people; but, as he naively confessed, they were all his own, no matter what he played, for he did not know the music, and, as he had little technic and could not manage the hard places, he improvised to fill up the gaps. There was one concerto by Henselt of which he could play the first and second themes, but neither the extensions nor the passages. But he played it before audiences, and got people to listen to it. It must have been a pretty sight. The boy, with his bright hair and delicate, mobile face, sensitive and shy, but trustful in his power to win and charm, gathered about him the audience, often poor and rough, submitting unawares to the old spell of genius—the genius of the singer—the very same type of musician that the Greeks understood so well, and gathered up in all its lovely detail into the myth of Orpheus. The journey was of great value. The young artist learned to watch his audiences and to play to them, just as he does to-day. He tested his powers, and his bright boy's eyes noticed every detail of costume, adventure, national holiday, or dance. He stored away among his artistic material the characteristic intonations of every dialect and the melody of every folk-song he met. Married at nineteen, a widower at twenty, with hope crushed out of him, Paderewski threw his whole life passionately into

music. He went to Kiel in Berlin, and studied composition. Kiel was a wonderful teacher of counterpoint. 'You will soon "hear" very differently,' he used to say to his new pupils, as he taught them to braid the strands of polyphony. The one composer who carried into modern life the musical feeling of the preceding century, his own style was simple, unaffected, and noble. Paderewski declares Bach the 'poet of musicians.' But it was inevitable that he, whose ardent spirit belongs to our own age, should reject for his own composition the tradition of a past epoch. Paderewski's pure, transparent, and well-balanced fugue playing is probably the best result of Kiel's influence. . . . Resolving to become a virtuoso, he sought Leschetitzky in 1886, and set to work with his accustomed energy. With Paderewski practice and study never cease. Before every concert he is accustomed to shut himself up and to practise all night, going carefully over his whole programme. No point of phrasing, techinc, or execution escapes him. When all is securely thought and worked out, the artist is ready for his hearers. The next day he goes to the piano-master of his material, and, free from concern about notes or mechanical means, plays with perfect abandon out of his inner feelings. This, his own statement, is borne out by his expressive face when playing. The spirit that speaks through Paderewski's music is a spirit of light."

The Peacock Room and its Consequences....Wit and Wisdom

Mr. Frederick R. Leyland, whose sudden death was recently announced, realized at his residence, in the immediate neighborhood of Prince's-gate, his dream of living the life of an old Venetian merchant in modern London. On entering the large entrance-hall the first thing that strikes the visitor is the staircase, with its fine balustrade of gilt bronze which once adorned Northumberland House. The color of the hall and of the staircase is green from the foot to the top of the house. The whole is panelled in shades of willow. The dado of the darker shades is enriched with panels decorated with delicate sprigs of pale rose and white flowers in the Japanese style. These panels were painted by J. McNeill Whistler. The dining-room is famous in the art world as "The Peacock Room." This description it owes to the decoration with which Mr. Whistler has enriched the walls. The general color-scheme of the room is turquoise-blue and

gold, and the only ornaments are pieces of blue and white china displayed on shelves of carved and gilt wood. The room, as it was originally conceived, was hung with Spanish leather, and it was by a mere fluke that Whistler came to decorate it. The story is as follows: Mr. Leyland, having purchased a picture by Whistler, representing a damsel in a Japanese robe, hung it over a fireplace, where it still remains. Mr. Whistler, having inspected the arrangement, complained that the red flowers scattered over the gold ground of the Spanish leather hurt the harmony of his picture, and proposed to paint them out. Mr. Leyland gave a thousand pounds for his Spanish leather, but he nevertheless allowed the impressionist leader to have his way; whereupon Whistler went on painting and painting until the Spanish leather disappeared entirely, and a new and absolutely unique decorative scheme of blue and gold, in which the chief *motif* was peacocks and their feathers, appeared in its place. Walls and ceiling are entirely covered with these Japanese compositions. Over the buffet at the end of the room opposite the fireplace is an oblong panel sixteen feet long, where Mr. Whistler has depicted two peacocks in aggressive attitudes, designed in gold on a blue ground. One peacock of unruffled elegance is supposed by some subtle interlinear readers to represent the artist, and the other peacock, with disordered plumage and irate mien, standing on a pile of shekels, is identified with the artist's patron. The back ground is dotted with flying feathers and masses of gold, and the whole composition has reference, we are told, to a difference that arose between the artist and the late Mr. Leyland with respect to the cost of the work. Besides estranging Whistler and Leyland, the "Peacock Room" had a far more tragic consequence. Mr. Jeckyll, who had designed and completely finished the room when Mr. Whistler appeared on the scene, had already suffered several disappointments owing to accident having deprived him of the credit of his work in Mr. Leyland's house. When Mr. Jeckyll saw the Spanish leather disappear, and the peacock harmony in blue and gold become the talk of London, he went home and commenced to paint the floor of his bedroom gold, and in a few weeks he died insane in a private lunatic asylum.

SONNETS AND LYRICS

To-Morrow....Philip Bourke Marston...."A Last Harvest"

I said "To-morrow!" one bleak, winter day,
 "To-morrow I will live my life anew"—
 And still "To-morrow!" while the winter grew
 To spring, and yet I dallied by the way,
 And sweet, dear Sins still held me in their sway.
 "To-morrow!" I said, while summer days wore through;
 "To-morrow!" while chill autumn round me drew;
 And so my soul remained the sweet Sins' prey.
 So pass the years, and, still, perpetually,
 I cry, "To-morrow will I flee each while—
 To-morrow, surely, shall my soul stand free,
 Safe from the syren voices that beguile!"
 But Death waits by me, with a mocking smile,
 And whispers, "Yea! To-morrow, verily!"

Vermouth....Francis S. Saltus...."Flasks and Flagons"

Thou canst unbind, by potency unique,
 The tangled skein of misty souvenirs,
 And bring again, defiant of dull years,
 The mantling pulse of youth unto the cheek.
 Urged by thy warmth, the fancy loves to seek
 The roses of a past that disappears;
 And by some recollection that endears,
 Once more, in charm, forgotten words to speak.
 The sunlight of the past will then return,
 Warming the soul; and I, O blessed boon
 And resurrection of the things that fade,
 Recall the happy days, for which all yearn,
 When first I heard on Venice's lagoon
 The soft adagio of a serenade!

Two Sonnets....By Zitella Cocke, in *New England Magazine*

Bach.

As some cathedral vast, whose lofty spire
 Is ever pointing upward to the sky,
 Whose grand proportions, transept, nave, and choir,
 Impress with awe, and charm by symmetry—
 Stupendous pile, where sister-arts with grave

And loving tenderness mould form and frieze,
Adorn entablature and achitrave,
And touch with life the marble effigies—
So, great tone-master, strength and sweetness dwell
In thee, close-knit in interwoven chain
Of harmony, by whose resistless spell,
Uplifted to sublime, supernal strain,
The soul shall reach the noble, true, and pure—
Strong to achieve, and faithful to endure!

Beethoven.

Sublimest Master, thou, of harmony,
From whose untroubled depths serenely flow
The sinuous streams of sweetest melody;
Now, in exhaustless fulness dost thou know
The joy divine thy raptured strains foretold.
God's harmony thy prayer hath satisfied,
His music on thy listening ear hath rolled;
Accord unmarred, for which thy spirit sighed,
In its completeness, through the eternal years
Is thine; thy yearning soul its echo dim
Didst catch amid thy mortal woes and fears—
An earnest of the blest, perpetual hymn,
And legacy to us, which shall inspire
With something of thy pure, celestial fire.

Twist Ye, Twine Ye.... "Poems of John Ruskin"

Twist ye, twine ye; even so
Mingle shades of Joy and Woe,
Hope and Fear, and Peace and Strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo! what varied shapes attending!

Passion's force, by Patience knit;
Doubtful Reason reined by Wit;
Toil, forgot in sighing Rest,
Joy, we know not which is best.

Earnest Gladness, idle Fretting,
Foolish Memory, wise Forgetting;

And trusted reeds, that broken lie,
Wreathed again for melody.

Ah! the deep, the tender playing,
Worded Silence, unmeant Saying;
Ah! sweet Anger, insincere,
Trembling Kiss, and glittering Tear.

Vanished Truth, but Vision staying;
Fairy riches—lost in weighing,
And fitful grasp of flying Fate,
Touched too lightly, traced too late.

Graceful Pride, and timid Praise,
Love diffused a thousand ways;
Faithful Hope, and generous Fear,
In the mystic dance appear.

Now they wax and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle;
Twist ye, twine ye, even so
Mingle human bliss and woe.

A Cabinet Picture....Cora Fabbri...."Lyrics"

Do you remember how that night was sweet?
You called it sweet and something more as well
The fine white moonbeams drifted at our feet,
And nestled in each flower's trembling bell.

The hollowed waves came creeping to the beach,
And broke there with a joyful sound at last.
Do you remember how there was no speech?
No need for that. Our heart-beats throbbed too fast.

A small white falling star shot through the gray.
You bid me "wish!" before it could depart.
Do you remember how I answered, "Nay"?
Because there was no wish left in my heart.

SCIENTIFIC, HISTORIC, STATISTICAL

Smoking—Scientifically Considered

Smokers will be pleased to find in the mid-January number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a popular presentation of the good and evil effects of tobacco, written by Jules Rochard, a member of the French Academy of Medicine and a well-known writer on scientific subjects. Passing over the history of the plant, and the growth of its use in recent years, the writer comes to its consideration as an active poison, and then to an examination of the harmfulness of the use of it in various forms. It is well known that nicotine is a poison in itself of the most powerful kind, approaching prussic acid in intensity of effect upon the human system. When taken internally, as it often has been by accident, death has often resulted in a very short time. It is possible for the poison to take effect by absorption through the skin, and instances are related where smugglers trying to carry the leaves next to their bodies have died of the effects. Taking for granted the danger of the poison, the writer's remarks about smoking, now almost the only form in which tobacco is generally consumed, he has this to say: "The accusations directed against smokers are of two kinds. They are accused of ruining, first of all, their health, and of abusing their intelligence. The first of these assertions is partially true. It is a fact that such a habit has nothing in it that is healthy. Everybody knows the accidents which happen when a person smokes for the first time. Effects of nausea are quickly followed by headaches and vertigos and a general state quite like ordinary sea-sickness. These troubles pass away, however, and after a while it is not difficult to become accustomed to the use of narcotics. When the habit has once been acquired, most smokers no longer feel any disagreeable effects. Indeed, there are some who can give themselves up to this enjoyment the moment they sit down to a meal. These, however, are the exception. In general, smoking takes away the appetite. After eating, however, the desire for a cigar becomes irresistible. Then we pass through the psychologic moment, and the pleasure which one experiences then is more ecstatic than at any other time of the day. For certain smokers a pipe or a cigar is an essential

condition of good digestion, but there are others with whom they cause gastric troubles. Nervous people who lead a sedentary life—those, especially, who do an office business—if they smoke before their meals lose, little by little, their appetite. A painful anxiety and nausea take its place. There are certain smokers who cannot light a cigar at certain times of the day without feeling a sensation of heat which accompanies the action. Nearly all smokers who are inveterate in the habit are dyspeptics, which is explained by the fact of an over-abundance of saliva, the diminution of gastric juices, and a stoppage of the ordinary functions of the stomach. But in addition to the accidents of digestion there are others which visit the lungs and the hearts of smokers. Pharyngeal troubles are very common with people who smoke to excess. Irritation of the throat often communicates itself to the larynx, and a dry, hacking cough frequently follows. Others experience at night a passing depression if they have smoked too much during the day. A certain kind of asthma has also been noticed, caused by the abuse of tobacco; but this, I am certain, is quite rare, for I have never met it, though my life has been passed among smokers. Accidents to the heart are much more frequent. Certain doctors even pretend that a quarter of the smokers show irregularities in the heart-beats and pulse. I do not know where their observations have been gathered, for I have never seen such a thing. I, like other doctors, have met with cases of angina pectoris especially among people who have passed their lives in an atmosphere saturated with tobacco, and those, also, who have acquired the habit of swallowing the smoke of their cigarettes. I have not been surprised in the latter case, because the smoke has been carried by breathing even to the remotest ramifications of the bronchial tubes, where it has directly affected the nervous membranes about the heart and lungs, bringing on a sort of suffocation common with this disease. Women and children, more impressionable by nature than men, are also subject to troubles of the blood, and do not have to abuse tobacco in order to experience them. Dr. Decaisne, in a public paper, read certain observations of his which proved this: Out of eighty-eight children, from nine to fifteen years, given to the use of tobacco, twenty-seven of them showed unmistakable palpitations and intermittent actions of the pulse. They furthermore showed a certain laziness and a taste for

strong liquors. The picture is a little over-drawn. Decaisne was one of the most passionate of anti-tobacconists, and one must beware of his assertions. Nevertheless, it is certain that accidents from nicotine are more easily produced among children than grown persons. They also succumb more readily in an atmosphere saturated with tobacco smoke. Doctors Liébault and Desloges have each recorded a case of death among young people from fifteen to seventeen years old who had fallen asleep in a room filled with tobacco smoke. These, however, are very exceptional cases, as were those mentioned by the Medical Record of New York, of three young persons who died recently, victims of their passion, one of whom had hanged himself because his father refused to give him money wherewith to purchase tobacco. This was carrying things a little too far, but then, everything is exaggerated in America, even the belief in unlikely things. Remaining in closed rooms in which smoke is sometimes so thick that one cannot see, is particularly to be avoided by people who are subject to weakness of the heart, even if they do not smoke. Dr. Vallin has recited before the Society of Medicine three conclusive facts in this respect. One told of a young officer who had given up the use of tobacco three months before, and who was overcome with a suffocation similar to angina after having passed two or three nights in his room where his friends had been in the habit of coming to smoke. The case recalls an epidemic of the same disease observed by Dr. Gelineau among some sailors who were crowded in the hold of a tramp steamer. They were obliged, during a storm, to cover the hatchways, and smoked to excess in order to have something to do. Even those who themselves did not smoke were stricken like the others, for they had inhaled the same poisonous air and subjected themselves to the action of nicotine upon the lungs as I have described it in case of cigarette-smoking. But if the cigarette smoker is especially subject to accidents of the heart, those who use the pipe have to fear epithelioma, otherwise called the cancer of the lips and of the tongue. The first of these is particularly common among those who smoke short clay pipes. The cancer of smokers shows itself generally at the point where the stem of the heated pipe is carried upon the lower lip. That of the tongue appears on the side where a stream of smoke is likely to strike the tongue at each in-

halation. These two forms of a horrible disease are without doubt the most serious that smokers can meet with. It is the fear of these formidable accidents that has converted many. The frequency of them, however, should not be over-rated. Statistics alone can give us an idea of the truth. Those of the city of Paris show that there are 155 cases each year of deaths caused by cancer of the mouth, while the number of smokers in Paris itself I estimate to be at least 355,000. Admitting that half of these make use of the pipe, and that all of the cases of cancer can be attributed to them, there is but one victim to every thousand pipe-smokers."

* * * * *

The remainder of the article is devoted to a consideration of the effect of smoking upon the intellectual faculties, the general conclusion arrived at being that, while the habit has a tendency to relax the brain, there is little evidence to show that moderate smoking is harmful.

Burials in Westminster Abbey....W. Lucy....North American Review

One of the most curious discoveries recently made in connection with burials in Westminster Abbey came out in an accidental way. Workmen were engaged in the cloister garden making an engine-room. In digging for foundations they came upon a lot of human bones buried in the sand. They were lying carefully placed east and west, but there was no sign of coffin or of rust of nail—only the bare bones. Evidence in connection with excavations made, clearly traced the burials back six hundred years, to the time of Edward I. A grassy space shaded by the walls of the abbey is full at this day of the bones of coffinless, nameless subjects of Edward I. The abbey records do not, in respect of interments, go back in any completeness beyond the year 1600. Since that day, 1,175 persons have been buried within the abbey, and 1,811 in the precincts. In later years the abbey doors have been opened to receive dead only under circumstances of exceptional merit. Dean Stanley was in office for eighteen years, during which time there were only 21 burials within the abbey and five in the precincts. Dean Bradley succeeded in 1881, and up to the present time only seven interments have taken place. The last was that of Mr. Browning, and the search for room for his coffin brought into fresh prominence the narrow limits of the opportunities the abbey

possesses to-day for receiving the illustrious dead. Mr. Wright, the clerk of the works, gave some interesting evidence before the commissioners, his business-like, off-handed manner of alluding to the details of his business recalling the style of conversation peculiar to grave-diggers in Hamlet's time. He seems to have been much troubled in the pursuit of his business by coming in contact with concrete, brought on the spot in connection with the foundation of the building. There is still space for interments in the west aisle of the north transept which might have been available only for the inconsiderate action of Henry III. "It is a mass of concrete," Mr. Wright told the commissioners. "Concrete was, as far as my judgment goes, rather carelessly and lavishly used by Henry III." Sometimes, driven by circumstances, Mr. Wright has been compelled to struggle with this concrete. It invades Poets' Corner, and when Browning was buried there it was necessary to fill up the grave with concrete instead of earth. Digging here, the men found traces of two other nameless bodies gone to dust, with the exception of just the main bones—no sign whatever of a coffin. "I found concrete here when I buried Spottiswood," said Mr. Wright, pointing to the map, "and there when I buried Browning. But when I buried Browning we got partly out of it." In this familiar strain Mr. Wright, all unconsciously, continued to speak. Asked if he knew of other interments in Poets' Corner made in concrete, he said: "There are two ladies, two Percys, and they are excavated out of concrete. I saw them when I buried Spottiswood by their side." Speaking of the vault where the Cecils were buried, and answering a question from Hamlet—I mean, from one of the commissioners—he said: "You know, sir, it is a mixed party which is buried there." Living poets will hear with interest Mr. Wright's testimony as to the space remaining in their heritage of the Corner. "I have room for three or four more," he said, as if poets were packets of stationery or flagons of ink. "I know one spot to a certainty, and I know another spot or two beside Browning, two near Dickens and Macaulay." Taking up the staff and pointing to the map, he added: "I believe there is room for one here. I know there is room for two or three here. I am certain of one by the side of Browning." In contravention of ordinary principles of political economy, the scarcer ground for burial grows

in Westminster Abbey, the price of interment decreases. In the receiver's office there is a musty book setting forth the funeral fees in 1717. From this we find that "a gent buried in the body of ye church" must have paid on his account a sum of £10, being fabric fee. Other fixed charges were:

	£	s.	d.
A Kt in the body of ye Church.....	13	06	8
Within any of ye Chappells	20	00	0
A Baron.....	26	00	0
An Earl.....	30	00	0
A Marquis.....	35	00	0
A Duke.....	40	00	0
A Bp.....	30	00	0
An Archbp.....	40	00	0
All within the Tombs	20	00	0

A Ld by courtesy same as a Baron.

In addition there were fees to officers, the dean taking £2 12s., the prebends half a sovereign each, the sub-dean 13s. 4d., and the minister officiating, a sovereign. The chantor and choir appropriated £8 3s. 4d. The receiver and the registrar had 10s. apiece, while the verger "left it to you."

Where People Live the Longest....Syndicate

An examination of the records of the Tenth Census shows that in 1880 in New England, of each 100,000 white persons there were then living—and over eighty years old—in Connecticut, 996; in Maine, 1,147; in Massachusetts, 809; in New Hampshire, 1,478; in Rhode Island, 827, and in Vermont, 1,222. These are higher figures than are shown for any other State. In New York the corresponding proportion was 563; in Pennsylvania, 411; in Maryland, 347, and in Delaware, 409. In Ohio it was 412; in Indiana, 261; in Illinois, 215; in Iowa, 218; in Michigan, 319; in Minnesota, 139; in Kentucky, 328; in Tennessee, 347; in Virginia, 501; in North Carolina, 507; in South Carolina, 441; in Florida, 204; in Georgia, 401; Alabama, 341; Mississippi, 245; Louisiana, 161, and in Texas, 111. In Montana it was only 27; Nevada, 36; Wyoming, 35; Idaho, 40; Dakota, 57; Arizona, 53, and Colorado, 81. From a study of these figures it is very plain that the fact that there are more old people in one State than in another depends very much on how long the State has been settled. In the movement from the Eastern States to take possession of the broad prairies,

the fertile valleys, and the gold and silver threaded mountains of the great West, those who went were the young, the energetic, and the strong, leaving behind them the fathers and the grandfathers in the old New England homes. And that movement has been so recent—it has been so comparatively short a time in the history of the nation since the States west of the Mississippi have been filled up and pierced with the railroads now necessary to supply large groups of people—that there has not been time for any large number of grandfathers and grandmothers to grow up and get their hairs properly whitened and their backs bent to the curve which belongs to eighty years of age. When another hundred years have gone, we may be sure that there will not be nearly so great a difference in the number of old persons in the different States; but we may also be quite sure that then, as now, persons will live longest who live among the wind-swept hills of the Northern and Middle States of this country. The negro lives longer in the South than he does in the North. One of the best means of measuring the relative length of life in the different States is that afforded by the experience of the thirty principal life-insurance companies of this country previous to 1874, including the records of over a million of lives, insured for over twenty-six hundred millions of dollars. From these records we learn that the States and Territories in which the insurance companies had the least loss, by being compelled to pay the money they had agreed to pay in case of the death of the persons insured in them, or, in other words, where fairly healthy, full-grown white men and women, sufficiently well off to pay insurance premiums, lived the longest, were: Nebraska, 61; Iowa, 76; Wisconsin, 77; Vermont, 80; West Virginia, 81; Maine, 83; Massachusetts, 86; Kansas, 86; Oregon, 86; Illinois, 87; Colorado, 87; Delaware, 88; New Hampshire, 89; Rhode Island, 89; and Michigan, 89. In this list the figures following the names of the States show the proportion of the loss by death, if the average loss is considered to be 100, so that the smaller the figure the greater is the average length of life indicated. On the other hand, stated in the same way, the States where the loss was greatest and the length of life least were: Louisiana, 176; Texas, 175; Arkansas, 172; Florida, 167; Mississippi, 164; Tennessee, 163; Alabama, 134; and Maryland, 129. The corresponding figures of some of the other States are:

California, 97; Connecticut, 94; Georgia, 96; Kentucky, 103; Minnesota, 107; Missouri, 111; New York, 95; Ohio, 93; Pennsylvania, 92; South Carolina, 115; Virginia, 104. These figures also show life is shorter in the South than in the North, and in low grounds than among hills and mountains.

An Ancient Oracular Humbug....Basil Williams....Gentleman's Magazine

The most amazing instance of the credulity with which any description of oracle was welcomed even at the end of the second century is the story of Alexander of Abonotichos, as presented by Lucian. This account is especially interesting, as it shows us what steps were necessary to found an oracle, and how when once founded it was worked. Alexander is described as a man of striking personal beauty, and his education pre-eminently fitted him for the rôle which he was destined to play. He had been brought up by a sorcerer who was a personal friend of Apollonius of Tyana, the noted mystic and magician. Subsequently, by conjuring on his own account in the provinces, he acquired a considerable amount of skill and money. During his travels the idea of founding an oracle suddenly struck him in concert with a friend, called Cocconas. The first step was to decide on the locality. Cocconas suggested Chalcedon, but Alexander was of opinion that the people of that place were hardly stupid enough. Finally they pitched upon Abonotichos, a town of the Paphlagonians, whose crass stupidity and superstition could be thoroughly relied upon. The sequel, however, showed that such excessive precautions were hardly necessary. They commenced operations by burying brazen tablets announcing the near arrival of Asclepios in a place where they were sure to be dug up again. At this point Alexander was left to his own unaided ingenuity, through the loss of Cocconas, who succumbed to the bite of a sacred viper. He forthwith took up his abode in Abonotichos, and persuaded its inhabitants to commence a temple in honor of the approaching god. Nor had the good people cause to complain, for he rewarded their credulity by giving them the opportunity of witnessing the birth of a god. After secreting a tiny serpent in a goose's egg, which he carefully glued together again and placed in a pool near the new temple, he appeared in the market-place with the intelligence that Asclepios was coming. Thence he rushed in a simulated state

of ecstatic frenzy to the pool, followed by the whole population. He naturally found little difficulty in discovering the egg, and astonished the gaping crowd by producing from it a live serpent. After keeping the serpent for two days in his own house, he represented it to have miraculously grown to huge proportions, for he brought out an enormous snake, which he had previously obtained from a Thessalian sorceress. By the addition of a mask in human likeness to the snake's head, the machinery required for working the oracle was now complete. Inquirers were invited to bring their questions to the serpent in sealed papers; next day these were returned unopened, but containing the appropriate answers. Lucian gives a detailed account of the various devices employed by Alexander for unsealing the letters and resealing them again without attracting attention. Those who paid higher fees were allowed to come and hear the responses delivered from the mouth of the serpent—by means of a ventriloquist concealed behind a curtain. People from every part of Asia crowded to the new oracle, and their number may be estimated from the fact that Alexander soon became rich from the modest fees of tenpence which he exacted for each response. Indeed, the oracle would have failed in a very short time if it had not been well supplied with funds, because, in order to make it distinguished for the correctness of its answers, Alexander had to employ a large staff of spies and agents throughout Rome and the provinces, who communicated to him all the latest intelligence. The only people whom the prophet strenuously excluded from his shrine were the Christians and the Epicureans, who asked awkward questions and displayed an unbecoming scepticism as to the miraculous nature of the responses. Against the Epicureans he cherished an especial animosity, and when asked by an earnest inquirer what Epicurus was doing in hell the oracle replied that he was bound with leaden fetters and was wallowing in slime. Alexander had still really little to fear from the carpings of adversaries, since his fame is said to have reached the imperial household, and he was consulted by the Emperor Marcus Aurelius himself. But in all probability the emperor did not consult him more than once; for on the only recorded occasion of his doing so, when he was planning an expedition against the Marcomanni, the oracle bade him cast two lions into the Danube. This was done;

but, unfortunately, the lions swam across to the opposite bank, where the barbarians took them for large dogs and slew them, and, moreover, slew the greater part of the Roman army also. Perhaps Alexander's most successful dupe was a certain Rutilianus, a Roman senator, who held high office under Marcus Aurelius. He was so persuaded of the genuineness of Alexander's pretensions that he consulted him on every occasion, and allowed him to direct all his actions. He even married the charlatan's daughter in obedience to the command of the oracle. On one occasion his credulity was accommodating enough to explain away a difficulty in which Alexander found himself landed by his prophesying. The oracle had been asked who was to educate Rutilianus' son, and had replied: "Pythagoras and the war-describing bard." As luck would have it, however, the son died almost immediately after this. "Obviously," exclaimed Rutilianus, "the oracle portended his death, for my son has now gone to re-join Pythagoras and Homer in Hades." The answer returned to him on inquiry as to the duration of his own life was:

First, thou Achilles wert, and next Menander,
Now Rutilianus. Thou shalt live on earth
One hundred four-score years, and, after, shine
A sunbeam in the heavens.

"He died, notwithstanding," Lucian maliciously observes, "at seventy years of age, of a bilious colic, without waiting for the completion of the oracle."

The Monkey Language....R. L. Garner....New Review

A short time ago I made arrangements with the superintendent of the zoological garden at Central Park, New York, to make some experiments with the phonograph and the monkeys contained in that excellent collection of animals. From the vast interest manifested on the part of the reading public and the scientific world in general, I feel called upon to give a description of some of these experiments, and show to them how I am progressing in the solution of the simian tongue. Early in the morning I retired to the monkey-house, and, for the first time, approached a cage containing four brown capuchin monkeys, two white-faced sapajous or ring-tails, one cudge monkey, and a small spider monkey, none of which I had ever seen or conversed with before. On approaching the cage, I saluted them with the word which I

have translated from the capuchin tongue to mean "food," and also, as described in a former article of mine, as being used in a much wider sense, possibly as a kind of "shibboleth" or peace-making term among them. On delivering this word to them, almost immediately one of them responded to it and came to the front of the cage; on repeating it two or three times more, the remaining three came to the front; and on thrusting my fingers through the bars of the cage, they took hold of them and began playing with them with great familiarity and apparent pleasure. They seemed to recognize the sound at once, and also to realize that it had been delivered to them by myself. Whether they regarded me as a great ape or monkey, or some other kind of an animal speaking their tongue, or not I am unable to say. Up to this time I had shown them no food or drink or anything of the kind; but soon thereafter I secured some apples and carrots and gave them small bits of them in response to their continual request, using this particular sound until I had satisfied those present that they really understood the word that I had used, and that it was properly translated food. This was not only gratifying to me, but doubly so in view of the fact that I satisfied those present who had come to witness these experiments that I was correct in my solution of this word. Then, placing my phonograph in order, I made a record of the sound, and, turning the instrument upon a cage containing one small rhesus monkey, together with two or three other varieties, I recorded a word of the Rhesus monkey which I had believed to correspond in meaning, though quite different in sense, to the capuchin word for food. I then turned the cylinder and repeated it to some monkeys of the same variety in another cage. Then, on presenting some small bits of apple and carrot, I induced the monkeys in the other cage to use the same sound, which they continually did and appeared to me to be asking for food. The cage contained some eighteen or twenty monkeys, and I took a very accurate record of them, almost in chorus. This was just before and during the breakfast hour; I was satisfied that I had discovered the sound in the rhesus dialect which meant food, though it was used in a somewhat more restricted sense than the word which I have described as meaning food (and also with a wider meaning) in the capuchin dialect. On the same evening there arrived in Central Park a shipment of

monkeys brought there from Europe. They were seven in number. At my request they were placed in the upper part of the old Armory building, entirely out of communication with any other monkeys. They had never seen or heard any of the monkeys in Central Park. Early on the following morning I repaired to the room in which the monkeys had been placed. In company with me were the superintendent of the zoological garden and two or three other gentlemen who had been permitted to come to witness the experiments. I requested them not to offer the monkeys anything to eat, or display anything of the kind, or by any means to attempt to induce them to talk, until I could arrange my phonograph to deliver to them the cylinder which I had recorded on the preceding day. Having arranged my phonograph, I repeated this record that I had made in the monkey-house. Up to this time there had not been a word spoken or a sound emitted by any of the new arrivals; but immediately upon the reproduction of the record taken in the monkey-house, they began to respond, using the same sounds, and gave every evidence of understanding the meaning of the sounds delivered through the horn. It is exceedingly difficult to represent this sound by any formula. But as nearly as I can express it in letters, it is approximated by the letters *nqu-u-w*, being the long *u*, equivalent to double *o* in the word shoot. One of the most difficult things in the study of the language of the simian is to find either verbal or literal expressions that will adequately convey the idea of either the meaning of the word or its sound, because in the simian tongue one word often represents an entire sentence, and this one word is generally composed of sounds which are not usually represented by alphabetic characters; hence the great difficulty. The needs or demands in this particular language have never heretofore caused an alphabet to be invented, although it is possible to invent letters to represent their sounds as it was to invent letters to represent the sounds of the human voice. But as there has never been any use for them before, there have never been any letters invented to represent the simian sounds. Their peculiar mode of thought gives rise to their peculiar mode of expression, and there are no expressions in the human speech that are equivalent to the simple monophones (as I denominated them) in the simian tongue. I next proceeded to take a record of the new arrivals. They

were all of the same species, being rhesus monkeys. There were three mothers and four babes, one of the babes being an orphan, the mother having died on her passage across the ocean. Of these I succeeded in getting two very excellent records—one of the orphan babe and the other of one in an adjoining compartment. He was exceedingly talkative, very noisy, but quite intelligent for his age. These monkeys do not generally talk or make a noise, except when they really desire to communicate some idea by their sounds. I do not think that they are given to habitually chattering in a meaningless or senseless way, but my opinion is that their chattering is always accompanied with definite ideas and a desire to convey them to others. After having made records of these two young monkeys, I carried the cylinders to the monkey-house, where I reproduced them on the phonograph in the presence of the rhesus monkeys confined there, and found that they gave evidences of understanding; although the great number of them prevented its having the effect that it otherwise would have had, because it was impossible for them to distinguish whether these sounds were made by some of their own number, or some new monkeys that had been introduced into the house. The consequence is I did not get their attention in such a marked degree as I have in many other instances. And as I succeeded in getting the attention of the new arrivals, having them to themselves, where they were not interrupted by the continuous babble of the monkey-house, I feel thoroughly satisfied that the new word which I have discovered in the rhesus dialect is indeed the word for food as used among these monkeys. And I confidently feel that one more step in the direction of the mastery of the simian tongue has been taken. And I believe this translation to be practically correct and tenable. Remember that these records were taken under very great difficulties, and yet I regard the experiments as being very conclusive. The great difficulty of taking the records, or rather of reproducing them with the desired effect in the presence of so many monkeys, of course, can only be appreciated after one has tried these experiments. But where one monkey is alone, very much better results can be reached, since in that event you can attract his attention and keep it fixed on what you are trying to do; whereas, a number of them occupying the same cage or even the same house are in such close proximity to

one another that their chattering and continual talking attract the attention of the monkey upon which you are trying to operate, and thus in a measure defeat your purpose. However, I am thoroughly satisfied with my experiments and their results on my last visit to Central Park.

History of the Louisiana Lottery....Edgar Farrar....Charities Review

At first they began in a small way with a capital prize of \$30,000. Then they picked up an Alsatian physician named Dauphin, who set on foot for them a daily drawing based on that infernal lottery of Venice that drove the people mad wherever introduced, and that received the condemnation of all governments. This succeeded beyond their wildest expectations. Then they found two ex-Confederate generals, whose names are widely known, who preferred acting as croupiers for the lottery gamblers to accepting honorable employment elsewhere. Their fortune was made. Gold began to pour in on every side. Their schemes grew and grew until they reached the enormous sum of \$28,000,000 per annum. Through the U. S. mails, the remotest hole and corner of this great country was open to them. It required an express wagon every day to carry their mail to and from the post-office. In the interval between 1880 and 1890 their stock went from \$125 to \$1,350 per share. In four years, from 1887 to 1890, they declared \$5,250,000 in dividends, and this represented only one-half of the net earnings, the other half going into the pockets of Howard and Morris as lessees, and an indefinite sum was piled up besides as a reserve fund. How, it may be asked, has the company been able to make such enormous profits? The answer is clear: they conduct a fraudulent lottery. No civilized government would permit the drawing of such a scheme as they monthly set forth to entrap the ignorant and deluded. Professor Proctor, the English astronomer, in his book on Luck and Chance, called attention to the rascality of this scheme many years ago; but his *expose* has not changed its character nor reduced the number of its victims. The theft of the scheme lies in the fact that it only proposes to give back 52 per cent of the ticket-money in prizes, 48 per cent being reserved to the lottery. All the existing government lotteries of Europe are required to distribute from 73 to 85 per cent. The lotteries heretofore authorized in this country were re-

quired to distribute 85 per cent. If the Louisiana Lottery were similarly circumscribed, the superior limit of its gross earnings would be \$4,200,000, whereas that superior limit now is the enormous sum of \$13,440,000. What we mean by superior limit of its gross earnings is the sum that would remain to it if it sold every month all of its tickets and lost every prize that it proposes to distribute. To give a practical illustration of the operation of this fraudulent scheme: If one should buy, every month for a year, half of the lottery tickets offered for sale, and should with that half win each month the whole capital prize and nine-tenths of every other prize distributed, he would lose in the venture \$306,040. This statement makes it easy to perceive how the lottery can afford to offer the State the glittering bribe of \$1,250,000 a year for the privilege of continuing its nefarious business. Large numbers of the people of Louisiana have become so corrupted by contact with this lottery and its enormous wealth and influence that they are utterly lost to all sense of honor or shame. The leading press of the State has boldly declared that it is as honorable and as reputable to run a lottery as to engage in any other kind of business. Everybody who opposes the lottery is denounced as a fanatic and a schemer. Leading lawyers, bankers, merchants, business men, and society men and women openly wear the collar of its servitude and bow down and worship its methods and its magnates. It is no disgrace with them to own lottery stock. With them it is no shame to be in the company's employ, and no reproach to be a lottery parasite or to live on lottery bounty. No expression of public or social indignation among them has followed the professional bribers of public officials and the chartered slayers of men's souls.

Counterfeit Eggs....St. Louis Globe-Democrat

There has been quite a sensation in Washington recently on the subject of artificial eggs. A person who claims to have invented a process for making them—patent newly applied for—has been exhibiting samples and giving them away about town. Some dozens have been served in the clubs, boiled, fried, poached, and scrambled, and the general verdict is that it would be impossible for anybody to distinguish them from real ones. Externally they look exactly like the sort laid by hens. Break the shell of a raw specimen and the

contents flop into a glass in as natural a manner as possible, the yolk and white unmingled. It has been claimed that no imitation egg could ever be made to "beat up" for cake, but these do perfectly. The inventor says that his eggs are, chemically speaking, a precise reproduction of nature. Corn-meal is the basis of their material. The white is pure albumen, of course, while the yolk is a more complicated mixture of albumen and several other elements. Inside the shell is a lining of what looks somewhat like the delicate, filmy membrane formed by the hen, while the shell itself is stated to be made in two halves, stuck together so artfully that no one can discover the joining. The very germ of the chicken, with unnecessary faithfulness of imitation, as one might think, is counterfeited. The eggs are made of various shapes and tints. One will be able to buy, as soon as they are placed on the market, counterfeit pullets' eggs or eggs laid by elderly hens; likewise select white eggs or dark-colored eggs, according to choice. Most surprising of all, they will be sold for only ten cents a dozen, and they never get rotten. To confectioners and others who use large quantities of eggs the yolks and whites will be sold separately, put up in jars and hermetically sealed. In this shape they will be also convenient for household employment.

Inside of Your Eye....The Mail and Express

"There is a strange experiment in optics discovered by Purkinja," said a young medical student to a friend recently. "In a dark room at night move a candle backward and forward before the eyes, these being firmly fixed on the wall beyond. After a few seconds the air will assume a reddish appearance, and running over it in all directions may be seen the veins and blood-vessels of your eye in bold relief, while from the centre of the figure there rises up a dark trunk from which the veins branch out on all sides. The trunk is visible where the optic nerve enters the eye, and this experiment is chiefly interesting to the student as proving that the parts of the retina which actually receive and produce the sensation of light must lie behind the blood-vessels, since these cast their shadow on to it, and we are enabled to see them as we see any other object externally."

SOCIAL AND PHILANTHROPIC

A Starving Nation

Added to the terrors of a barbaric despotism, the Russian peasant is succumbing to-day to the horrors of hunger. Although the appeal made to America has not received the national recognition which had been hoped for, the story of suffering, and want is one which will readily be accorded the profoundest sympathy. In the Nineteenth Century, Nicholas Shishkoff, of the Relief Committee of the Society of the Red Cross, gives a graphic description of the horrors of hunger which Russian peasants have been experiencing throughout the long winter months now passing. Nearly all the crops failed in twenty-two of the sixty Russian provinces last year, which means that the peasant is absolutely destitute of his staple food, rye bread—upon which he exists at an expense of about one and a half dollars per month. The picture is thus drawn by Mr. Shishkoff, who travelled some four hundred miles through the stricken districts:

I never saw a battle-field. Friends of mine that have, tell me that no words, no descriptions, can give an adequate idea of the sickening horror of such a scene. I have often wondered, lately, whether it could really be as bad as the sight of hundreds of men, women, and children slowly perishing from hunger and cold. I saw numbers of men in their prime, with drawn, stony faces and hollow eyes, miserable women clothed in rags (having sold their best dresses), and children shivering in the keen October wind as they stood silently round me, while some old man would be telling the same weary, wretched tale: "We have sold our last horses, cows, and sheep; we have pawned our winter clothing; we have seen no bread for a fortnight. There is nothing left to sell. We eat once a day—stewed cabbages, stewed pumpkin; many have not even that. Some of us still have a little bread made of chaff, pounded grass seeds [of the *Agrostemma Githago*], and a little barley flour [this bread looks like a cinder, has a bitter taste, and causes violent headache and nausea from the poisonous seed]. Many of us have not tasted any food for three days. Have mercy on us, we are dying." And while he speaks, in a low, quiet voice, I see the tears slowly welling from the eyes of stalwart men, and falling one by one on their rough beards or the frozen ground. No complaints, no cries, a dead silence, broken only by the sobs of some worn-out mother. I did my best to comfort them, promised them speedy relief, assured them that all was being

done to succor them; but, readers, often and often I could scarcely say the words! I had a small sum of money with me, but I brought nearly all of it back again; it seemed a mockery to offer a penny where hundreds of pounds were needed; I had not even that penny for every one. One morning, about half an hour before sunrise, I was taking a cup of tea before starting from one of these famine-stricken villages, when I happened to look out on the frozen street. Under my window I saw two children about six years old, begging. A raging wind was scourging them with sleet and snow, and their wretched little shoulders showed through the rents in their rags. I opened the sash and gave them bread. Five minutes had not passed before another couple of children were shivering before me. I gave them a bit of money. In ten minutes' time a crowd of about thirty women and children had gathered before the house; and as I drove away in the gray dawn of an icy October day, my heavy wraps hardly sufficing to shield me from the piercing gale, I saw the station-master expostulating with a crowd of nearly seventy poor wretches begging to be admitted to "the gentleman who gives." Most of the men were in their summer coats, and many women had babies in their arms. When I next visited this village, five days later, bringing aid, in corn and money, from the Red Cross Society of Samara, I heard from the mayor that, only a few hours before my arrival, the local doctor had rescued a boy of seventeen and his sister, a girl of ten, from death. They had been out begging (a third part of the entire population of this settlement, say fifteen hundred souls, live on the charity of their hardly less miserable neighbors), and for the last *five days* had not received a penny or a single slice of bread. Their strength had failed; and when some of their neighbors, alarmed at the silence in their hut, entered the room, they found the girl huddled up under a heap of rags in the corner, and her brother, unable to move hand or foot, unable to speak, stretched on the planks. When the doctor arrived, the lad's jaws were so firmly locked that a knife was used to force them open. Hot tea and brandy, then small bits of sugar, were given to him, but it was fully an hour before he was able to eat. The girl was less exhausted, probably because her brother had given her all the best bits of food. The doctor told me of numerous cases where whole families had been rescued by him under similar circumstances. He named many that had been living for weeks on watermelon rinds stewed in a greenish jelly—scarcely more nourishing than cork shavings.

Some idea of the magnitude of the famine may be judged by the closing sentences of the appeal:

In round numbers, there are 2,500,000 men, women, and children in the province of Samara. At least one-half of

them will have to be supported by government and private aid. The approximate number of people who will have to rely exclusively on private charity may be fixed at from 175,000 to 200,000. That, at a low reckoning (one and a half baked loaves per head for eight months, at current prices), means an expenditure of about 2,625,000 or 3,000,000 roubles. As I have already said, about one-twelfth of this sum has already been contributed, in corn and money, to the Relief Committee of the Red Cross Society of Samara. About 2,580,000 roubles (£258,000) more are needed. It is a vast sum. When we come to think that probably ten or fifteen times more money is required to meet the necessities of the other twenty provinces, our hearts fail us. And this, not to help our poor peasants, not to ameliorate their condition, but only to save life—only to let them see another summer, to gather another harvest—trusting that God will have mercy at last. We—who live in the midst of this terrible distress, who have to witness daily the heart-breaking scenes of utter misery and bitter pain, who are not only spending our last savings, but also straining heart and brain in efforts to save the lives of our countrymen—we dare not contemplate the consequences, should help fail us. This is a time when one looks for help, not only to one's countrymen—to one's nearest neighbors or every-day friends—but far beyond the precincts of country, nation, and name. To the vast brotherhood of men, to all who have hearts to pity and hands to help, we appeal for assistance against the horrors of Hunger.

The Drexel Institute....Addison R. Burk....Christian Union

The uses to be made of this noble building are various, though all are educational in character. The library, well supplied with books of reference and general literature, will be open to the public under certain restrictions, as well as to the pupils of the school. The museum, which is already well filled with specimens of art industries, will also be open to the public, though its main use will be that of making the art students familiar with characteristic works of different periods and nations. Finally, the great auditorium will be used for lectures and entertainments, open to the public generally. The schools will more closely resemble that of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, than any other existing educational establishment, but will differ therefrom in several important particulars. The day school of the Pratt Institute is a technical high school. The day schools of the Drexel Institute will be special schools in art, science, and the mechanic arts. Pupils will not be admitted until they have passed an examination showing that they have a good elementary English

education, equivalent to what is the usual grammar-school course of instruction, and for some of the courses a more advanced standing will be required. The institute will not provide this preliminary training, nor supplement it in the English branches except in a very general way. The students will be assumed to have adopted a specialty, and for that training will be provided; but trades will not be taught, as at the Pratt Institute, except as hereinafter noted. In the Art Department there will be a course similar to that of the South Kensington Museum, followed by a normal course for the training of teachers and supervisors of art in public and private schools. In the Scientific Department, chemistry and physics will be taught both by lectures and in the laboratories, which have been finely equipped. In the Department of Mechanic Arts there will be a three-years course of manual training coupled with drawing, mathematics, and science. Trades, as such, will not be taught, though the work in the shops will be that of pattern-makers, machinists, and blacksmiths. Students in this department will also receive instruction in steam and electrical engineering. The Department of Domestic Economy, though intended mainly to train young women in the organization and management of the household, will incidentally teach such trades as cookery, millinery, and dressmaking. But the full course will add thereto the building, sanitation, decoration, and management of the house, household economy, human physiology and hygiene, business forms and accounts, free-hand drawing, elementary economics, and physical training. The Technical Department will embrace various special subjects of study, and will be more in the nature of a trade school than the other departments. It will have, for example, separate courses in applied electricity, machine construction, mechanical drawing, photography (including the reproductive mechanical processes), house decoration, wood-carving, cookery, millinery, and dressmaking. In the Business Department, stenography, typewriting, bookkeeping, business forms, etc., will be taught. The Department of Physical Training is intended for the physical culture of students in the other departments. The Normal Department, for the training of teachers, will prepare graduates of this and other schools for special work as teachers of art, manual training, domestic economy, physical culture, cookery, sewing, millinery, and

dressmaking. A school for training librarians will also be established. There will be day (morning) classes in all the departments named. Evening classes will be organized for the teaching of specialties, such as the various branches of drawing, modelling, wood-carving, mathematics, physics, chemistry, applied electricity, wood and iron working, forge-work, general and artistic; cookery, millinery, dressmaking, stenography, bookkeeping, business forms, accounts, and commercial transactions and correspondence. The gymnasium, library, and reading-room will also be open in the evening. Special classes may also be formed in the several subjects above named, to meet in the afternoons. It has been estimated that the existing plant, if fully utilized in this way, will accommodate fully 2,500 pupils, thus allowing for several years of growth before enlargement shall become necessary. All students, except those who in some way earn free scholarships, will be required to pay fees of nominal amount. The purpose is to apply a test of good faith and earnestness to applicants. The amount of the fees to be charged has not been determined, but it will not exceed five dollars per annum for night students or others taking single courses, nor will it be more than forty dollars per annum for day pupils taking regular courses in one of the several departments. A system of free scholarships is to be established for the regular and special courses. There will be one hundred and sixty free scholarships, of which sixty are awarded to the grammar schools for boys and girls in the city of Philadelphia; fifteen scholarships each to graduates of the Central High School and the Manual Training Schools of Philadelphia; twenty-five to the graduates of the Girls' Normal School of Philadelphia; twenty to children, residents of Philadelphia, who have not been educated in the public schools; fifteen to residents of Pennsylvania, exclusive of Philadelphia; ten to residents of States other than Pennsylvania. Only a portion of the whole number of scholarships will be granted at the opening of the institute, in order that a proportionate number may be reserved for succeeding years. Registration of students was begun on Monday, January 4th, mainly to determine from the demands made what classes should first be started. No announcements on the subject have yet been made, but the educational work will begin as soon as the classes can be organized. It is not probable that

the schools will be fully established before the reopening in September, 1892. Mr. Drexel has provided, for the support of this grand institute, securities of a present market value exceeding \$1,000,000, the income of which amounts to about \$50,000 a year. He has also enlisted in the work of organizing the institute his friend George W. Childs, who superintended the construction of the building, and has given his invaluable collection of original manuscripts and autographs and an exceptionally fine collection of ivory carvings.

The Telegraph and the Telephone

The question of government control of telegraph and telephone is treated by the Hon. Walter Clark, of the bench of North Carolina, in the March Arena. He takes it for granted that it is a perfectly constitutional thing for the post-office to handle messages of this kind, and dwells more upon the cheapness and effectiveness of such an institution:

Every civilized country, with the sole exception of ours, has long since made the telegraph a part of its postal service; and in all it has worked satisfactorily. The rates in Great Britain and Ireland are, like postage, uniform for all distances and are one cent per word. In Germany the rate is about the same, and in Austria less. In France and Belgium the rate is under ten cents (half a franc) for ten words between any two points. No department of the post-office in any country pays better than the telegraph. In most countries the telephone, too, has been added. It is very certain that the telegraph and the telephone, as parts of our postal service, would not only wonderfully improve the means of intercourse, but it is believed that a very cheap uniform rate—probably five (5) cents a message—would pay a handsome revenue to the government. In the presence of the exorbitant rates to which we are accustomed, this will seem hazardous; but reflection will show that it is not. Telegraph wire costs less than eight (8) dollars per mile, poles in our country are not expensive, the cost of erecting them light. The chemicals for use of the wires are inexpensive. Where, then, is the cost? The government pays freight to railroads, steamboats, and star routes, and sends letters across the continent at two cents, and around the world for five cents. The last postmaster-general's report states that while, owing to the cost of heavy packages and matter carried free, there is a deficiency in the post-office, yet on the carriage of letters there is a *net* revenue annually of \$36,000,000. Why, then, is it chimerical to say that messages sent by wire, at the cost of a few cheap chemicals and with no freight to be paid,

would not pay a profit at five cents per message of ten words? It may be noted that the telephone patent expires next March. Now is the time for Congress to adopt it for the post-office and establish a telephone at every country post-office. The advantages to the rural population would be manifold. Physicians could be summoned promptly for the sick. Witnesses and others summoned to court could be notified what day or hour to attend, and be saved useless hours hanging around the county court-house. A telephone message to the nearest railway station would ascertain whether expected freight had come, and the farmer would be saved a needless trip of his wagon over bad roads. News of approaching frosts could be promptly distributed through the country districts, and many a valuable crop saved. These may seem homely purposes to dwellers in cities, but they will deprive country life of some of its drawbacks, and be a boon to a portion of our population who claim that they bear their full share of the burdens of government and receive less than their share of its benefits. It comes, too, at a time when they are disposed to assert and maintain their right to be better considered in a distribution of the advantages of governmental favor. For this service, it might well be provided that for telephonic messages within the country or for a distance less than fifty miles, the charge would be only two (2) cents. A system similar to this now prevails in Austria and some other countries. The postmaster could very easily keep his accounts, either by the use of stamps or by a nickel-in-the-slot attachment to the instrument. If the telephone is not now adopted by government, some gigantic corporation, some vast syndicate, will be sure to utilize it; and when hereafter government shall be forced to take it up for the public service, Congress will be waived off, as trespassing upon private and vested rights, as is already the case with the telegraph.

The Traffic in Sermons.... Rev. B. G. John....Nineteenth Century

So-called religious newspapers and booksellers' catalogues teem with advertisements of ready-made discourses of every shade of orthodoxy, and at prices ranging from sixpence to a guinea, thirty shillings—or even two guineas for the rarest vintages. The writers of these things are, or seem to be, chiefly clergymen, though the trade has of late become so brisk that many unauthorized hands have entered into the ecclesiastical vineyard, and with apparent success. Out of the host of such advertisements a few must suffice to give the reader some idea of the scale on which operations are carried on. The usual style is of this kind:

NO. 1. LITHOGRAPHED SERMONS.—Original, plain, practical. Edited by Rev. ———.

Or, with one additional line of recommendation,

No. 2. Circulation strictly confined to the clergy. Specimen sermons lent on special conditions. Quarterly subscription, 13s. 6d. Address, etc.

Or, with a word of extra caution as a postscript,

Name required and given in every case.

This gentleman names the exact price of a baker's dozen (13) of his goods, so that the purchaser knows what he is about even if all the thirteen discourses turn out to be as dry and worthless as his own; but if he turn to the next on our list, he must risk half a guinea on a single manuscript, and after all may get nothing preachable from "Fritz," who thus speaks *in confidence*:

No. 3. SERMONS.—A clergyman will write an original one every week: 10s. 6d. Strictly confidential.—FRITZ.

Next we have M.A.Oxon., who boldly refers his customers to a newspaper for a puff of their excellence:

No. 4. CHOICE SERMONS.—Edited by M.A.Oxon. Confined to the clergy. S. P. G. Season. See review in, etc., etc.

None but clergymen need apply!—as if any human being in his senses, except a parson hard up for next Sunday's eloquence, would be likely to buy a lithographed sermon! But, if "Egenus" likes none of these, he may turn to—

No. 5. MODERN SERMONS.—Original; written by hand. All subjects, 2s. 6d. each. Special, Harvest, 5s. R., etc.

All subjects, except harvest, at 2s. 6d. (with, perhaps, a reduction if a large number be taken) is a tempting offer; but, if still unsatisfied, E. may try something more *recherché*—

No. 6. SOUND CHURCH SERMONS.—Foreign, home, mission, funeral, flower, temperance, volunteer, introductory, farewell; all at 2s. 6d. weekly. No duplicate, 5s. Special to order, 10s. 6d. Address X.

There is a magnificent completeness about X. which (baptism and matrimony excepted) scarcely leaves an item to be desired.

Uninvited Poverty....B. O. Flower....The Arena

Last year, according to the court records, there were 23,895 warrants for eviction issued in the city of New York. In 1889 the published statistics show that over 7,000 persons died in the workhouses, insane asylums, and hospitals of the same city. More than one person in every five who passed from life died in some public institution. Three thousand eight

hundred and fifteen, or almost one person in every ten who died, found his last resting-place in the Potter's field. In 1890 there were 239 suicides officially reported in New York City. The court records are burdened as never before with cases of attempted self-slaughter. In a recent issue of one of the great New York dailies we find the following suggestive statement, which is doubly impressive when we remember that with the facts in their possession the great daily press of America, which to so large an extent reflects public sentiment, makes little more than passing reference to the widespread wretchedness and rapidly increasing poverty of our day. "The fact that 20,000,000 people are starving in Russia," says the metropolitan daily above referred to, "is, indeed, a terrible incident in this wonderful year; but to us the fact that in this city 150,000 people go to bed every night guests of charity, not knowing where a morning meal is to come from, with nothing whatever to do, hope even being dead, is a much graver factor in the problem of our to-day."

The Board of Health of New York recently published the details of a census of tenement-houses taken last September. The facts furnish a melancholy confirmation of oft-repeated status by thoughtful persons who personally investigated this problem; in brief, they show in round numbers 35,000 front tenements, 2,300 rear tenements, 276,000 families, 1,225,000 inhabitants (an increase of 141,000), 7,000 adult home-workers, 250 child home-workers. There were 850 stables and 4,360 horses in the districts to pollute the air. What is true of New York is true to a certain extent of every great city in America. The night is slowly but surely settling around hundreds of thousands of our people, the night of poverty and despair. They are conscious of its approach, but powerless to check its advance. Then, again, the poor, as a rule, have large families; while a third element which contributes a large quota to the army of strugglers for bread is found in the stream of emigrants who pour into our great cities, which are already congested with suffering thousands.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

The Fair and Chicago....Director-General Davis

The director-general of the World's Fair, George R. Davis, contributes a comprehensive article on the World's Fair to the March North American Review. It appears from this that "there are sixty-two foreign nations and colonies which have already formally expressed a determination to participate in the exposition, and their appropriations approximate four million dollars." There are to be in all fifteen departments representing the industries of the world, in each of which the latest progress of invention will be shown. For example: "For the first time in the history of world's fairs, the science of transportation in its broadest sense will have that attention to which its importance entitles it. The development of modern transportation, having had its beginning within the lifetime of men now in the vigor of manhood, has been so rapid that its significance is hardly yet understood. . . . The means and appliances of barbarous and semi-civilized tribes are to be shown by specimen vehicles, trappings, and craft. Water craft, from the rudest forms to the modern giant steamship; wheeled vehicles, from the first inception of the idea to the latest development of the luxurious palace car, will be illustrated by the machine itself, or, in cases where this is impossible, by accurate models, drawings, plans, and designs." The largest building on the grounds will be that devoted to the liberal arts: "Presenting a floor space of thirty-one acres, and including galleries encircling the interior, it will afford in the aggregate some forty-four acres of exhibit space. It is the largest building ever contemplated or erected for similar uses. This vast structure will be covered with an arched roof of steel and glass, affording ample light and ventilation." The writer speaks of the various departments in turn, and closes with a reference to Chicago itself, which will be one of the wonders of the great fair:

Men still live who were prominent in founding Chicago, and these men now behold, instead of the open and unsettled prairie of their youth, a city of a thousand streets and a million and a quarter inhabitants. The engineer still lives who surveyed the first line of railroad into Chicago, and now more

than forty railroads centre in this queen city, situated in the heart of this vast continent, a thousand miles from Hell Gate and twice that distance from the Golden Gate. Chicago is the chief centre of the entire railroad system of the United States. Fifty thousand miles of railway, representing capital of over two thousand millions of dollars, are largely dependent upon Chicago, and the history of the building and development of these roads sounds like a fairy tale. On a single one of these tributary systems four hundred and fifty passenger and eight hundred freight trains now move daily. A single corporation controls over seven thousand miles of line—the greatest number of miles of railroad under one management in the world. A single general manager, with headquarters in Chicago, can marshal railway rolling-stock in greater number than the men that Grant could muster on the left bank of the Mississippi the day he set out on his matchless campaign south of Vicksburg, or that responded to Sheridan's rallying trumpet-call at Cedar Creek, or sprang forward at Wellington's "Up and at 'em" at Waterloo.

The World's Fair on Sunday.....Joseph Cook....Our Day

Paris in 1889 celebrated by a world's exposition the centennial of her revolution. Nearly all the monarchies of the world refused to be officially represented, but there were 60,000 exhibitors and a paid attendance of 25,000,000. Probably the American Columbian Exposition of 1893 at Chicago will be a yet more stupendous success. It is a remarkable fact that every international fair held among English-speaking people up to the present time, except only the last more or less unsuccessful exhibition at New Orleans, has closed its gates on Sundays. More than six hundred medical men of London petitioned against the opening of the World's Fair in that city for profit on the days of rest. At the International Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 the doors of the buildings were closed on Sundays. General Hawley's words will not soon be forgotten—"Before God, I am afraid to open the exhibition gates on the Sabbath." In the International Exposition at Paris in 1889 out of about 1,700 exhibitors from English-speaking countries, the highest number doing business on the Lord's day, from May to October, was sixty-five in all. The director-general gave a peremptory order to all exhibitors to uncover their goods on Sunday; but the exhibitors from Great Britain and the United States almost unanimously refused to obey the mandate. The American minister to Paris and the American commissioner-

general were instructed by our secretary of state, with the approval of the President, "to recognize in their official capacity the observance of Sunday in accordance with the customs and laws of the American people." American national precedent demands the Sunday closing of the World's Columbian Exhibition at Chicago in 1893.

A Great Memorial Building....The Century

No more worthy proposition has been made in connection with the Columbian Exposition than that for the erection at Chicago of a permanent memorial of it in the form of a great museum. The establishment of such memorials has long been recognized as one of the most valuable concomitants of international fairs, and it would have been very surprising if Chicago, with her redundant and admirable public spirit, had not perceived her opportunity very soon after the Columbian Exhibition was organized. The project was in fact broached at the very outset, and played a considerable part in the discussions over a site. When the directory decided to go to the lake front, it decided also that it could not use any of the funds at its disposal for a memorial building. This threw the proposal upon public favor for support, and efforts were at once begun to enlist popular interest in its behalf. The most zealous advocate of it from the outset has been Mr. W. T. Baker, the president of the World's Columbian Exposition (called the local board) and president as well of the Chicago Board of Trade. He has been warmly seconded in all his labors by Dr. W. R. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, and the two together have formulated a plan which has such obvious merits that public support of it ought to be quick and generous. In brief, this plan is to construct, on grounds secured for the purpose, a magnificent fireproof building, especially adapted for its purposes, into which could be gathered, at the close of the exposition, such antiquities and articles of historical value as the fair had brought together, the same to be made the nucleus of a great museum for the education of the people for all time. That the best intelligence may be brought to bear upon the museum from the very beginning, it is proposed to have it started in connection with the new University of Chicago, and to have it conducted in connection with it, but not under its absolute control. The plan is simply one for the advancement of

education and enlightenment throughout the whole Northwest. Mr. Baker proposes a total expenditure of \$1,000,000 for the building, and declares that if this were furnished, there would be forthcoming contributions of specimens and articles of historic interest aggregating \$3,000,000 in value. The whole State of Illinois ought to unite in subscribing the million desired. Philadelphia rejoices to-day in the possession of two beautiful memorials of her Exposition—Horticultural Hall and Memorial Hall, both situated in Fairmount Park, and both containing collections which are among the largest and finest of their kind in the country. Nothing would induce her to part with these, to have their beneficent influence eliminated from the community. The city and State contributed, through large appropriations, to their erection.

Indian Life at the World's Fair....New York Evening Post

Professor Putnam, chief of the Department of Ethnology of the World's Fair, has perfected his plans for an illustration of Indian life on the American continent. "We are going to illustrate," he says, "the native types of North and South America, with their distinctive dwellings and customs. There will be Esquimaux if our plan does not fail, Aleuts surely, Canadian Crees, Sioux, Apaches—all the distinct families of American Indians. Our show will be arranged geographically on the grounds. At the north end will be the northern tribes with their own styles of residence—if a buffalo-skin tepee may be called a residence. Then toward the south will be the other tribes in relative geographical positions, with our Patagonian visitors to round up the southern limit. We are assured of Indian families from Mexico and Central America. One Central American family will live out over the lagoon in a house built on piles, just as they live at home. Another family will come from Bolivia, so that, taking it all together, we shall have about the most interesting historical and ethnological illustration of native American life that has ever been seen. All these various groups and families will have their native habitations and utensils. Where it is possible the landscape will be made to conform to the tribes occupying the site. For instance, tropical plants will surround the dwellings of the Central and South American Indians; those used to boats will have their canoes on the lagoon, and that of itself will be a spectacle worth seeing."

CHORDS IN A MINOR KEY

All They Know....Arthur Hugh Clough....The Mercury

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild northwesterners rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

Love's Coming....Richard K. Lyon....The Indianapolis Journal

Love came to me in life so late
That Time had closed the outer gate—
So late it seemed the door was barred;
Bolts shot, and all the house rough scarred
That owned my habitation gave no sign
Of welcome to the god benign,
For Love with all his power divine
Had come so late.

It seemed that none would ever come
In answer to his knock, though some
Sweet thought stirred restless in my breast,
Uneasy waked from its long rest;
So strange were such fair visitors that when
Love came and called, and called again,
It was at first in vain, for then
It seemed so late.

No chamber had my soul prepared
Against his coming, none had dared

Foretell his advent; it did seem
 More of a sweet, unstable dream—
 Before his summons, sweet and clear, rang out
 Waking the drowsy-lidded rout
 Of fancies, passion sweet, his shout
 Seemed all too late.

No rich feast had been spread for him;
 All the guest-chamber lights burned dim,
 For few had come that way to claim
 A resting place—e'en fickle Fame
 Had fled long, long before Love came—
 And yet the close gates opened wide
 At his approach; bolts shot aside;
 All the bright soul-lights flamed, and loud
 Rang out the welcome of the crowd.
 My soul's best minstrelsy did welcome him:
 Bright grew my dimmest, darkest dream,
 For after all it did not seem
 Love came too late.

O House of Many Mansions!....E. N. Gunnison....Boston Transcript

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

O house of many mansions,
 Thy doors are open wide,
 And dear are all the faces
 Upon the other side.
 Thy portals they are golden,
 And those who enter in
 Shall know no more of sorrow,
 Of weariness, of sin.

O house of many mansions,
 My weary spirit waits
 And longs to join the ransomed
 Who enter through thy gates;
 Who enter through thy portals,
 The mansions of the blest;
 Who come to thee a-weary,
 And find in thee their rest.

Thy walls are not of marble,
 O house not built with hands;

I sigh for thee while waiting
 Within these border-lands.
 I know that but in dying
 Thy threshold is crossed o'er;
 There shall be no more sorrow
 In thy forevermore.

Songs of the Wind....Frank L. Stanton....The Atlanta Constitution

What does the wind sing in the day?
 It seems to me that it sings in this way:

"There is never a tomb
 In this world of bloom
 And sunlight sprinkled with sweet perfume—
 Never a grave for a rose to hide
 And never a rose that died."

What does the wind sing in the night?
 It seems to me, if my dreams are right—

"There are rainbows back of the storms to be—
 Back of the storm and its mystery;
 But, oh, for the ships that are lost at sea!
 And, oh, for the love in the lonely lands,
 Far from the clasp of the drowning hands!"

And it seems to me that it's God decrees
 The wind should sing such songs as these—
 Should laugh in the sunlight's silver waves
 And hide with roses the world's sad graves.
 But why, in the night, should it sing to me
 Of the ships—the ships that are lost at sea?

Days and Nights....Anne Reeve Aldrich....Lippincott's Magazine

Higher the daily hours of anguish rise,
 And mount round me as the swelling deep,
 Till past my mouth and eyes their moments flow,
 And I am drowned in sleep.

But soon the tide of night begins to ebb;
 Chained on the barren shore of dawn I lie,
 Again to feel the day's slow-rising flood,
 Again to live and die.

LATTER-DAY PHILOSOPHY

Is Religion Dead?....Dr. Paul Carus....Homilies of Science

Learn to understand the signs of the time. If you see the leaves turn yellow and red and shine in all colors, know that autumn is at hand. The leaves will fall to the ground and snow will soon cover the trees and woodlands and meadows. But when you see buds on the branches, although they may be few and the weather may be cold, still, know that spring is at the door, and will enter soon, filling our homes with flowers, with joyous life, and with love. The leaves of dogmatic opinion are falling thickly to the ground. How dreary looks the landscape, how bleak the sky! How cold and frosty, how forlorn are the folds of the churches! There is the end of religious life, you think; the future will be empty irreligiosity—without faith in the higher purposes of life, without ideals to warm and fill our hearts, without hope or anything except the material enjoyments of the present life. And yet, my friends, observe the signs of the time! There are buds on the dry branches of religious life which show that the sap is stirring in the roots of the tree of humanity. There are signs that the death-knell of the old creeds forebodes the rise of a new religion. Every one who knows that nature is immortal can see and feel it. A new religion is growing in the hearts of men. The new religion will either develop from the old creeds which now stand leafless and without fruit, which seem useless, as if dead, or it will rise from the very opposition against the old creeds, from that opposition which is made not in the name of frivolous cynicism, but in the name of honesty and truth. The beautiful will not be destroyed together with the fantastic, nor the higher aspirations in life with supernatural errors. Though all the creeds may crumble away, the living faith in ideals will last forever. That which is good and true and pure will remain—for that is eternal. The new religion which I see arising, and which I know will spring forth as spontaneously and powerfully as the verdure of spring, will be the religion of humanity. It will be the embodiment of all that is sacred and pure and elevating. It will be realistic, for it loves truth. It will promote righteousness, for it demands justice. It will ennoble human life, for it represents harmony and

beauty. The new religion that will replace the old creeds will be an ethical religion. And truly all the vital questions of the day are at bottom religious, all are ethical. They cannot be solved unless we dig down to their roots, which are buried in the deepest depths of our hearts—in the realm of religious aspirations. Life would not be worth living if it were limited merely to the satisfaction of our physical wants; if it were bare of all higher aspirations, if we could not fill our soul with a divine enthusiasm for objects that are greater than our individual existence. We must be able to look beyond the narrowness of our personal affairs. Our hopes and interests must be broader than life's short span; they must not be kept within the bounds of egotism, or we shall never feel the thrill of a higher life. For what is religion but the growth into the realm of a higher life? And what would the physical life be without religion?

Hypnotism and Humbug....Ernest Hart....Nineteenth Century

So complex is the brain as an organ of mind, that we cannot attempt to fully explain the mechanism of this operation; but there are facts within our ordinary knowledge which give some clue even to this. There is a time-element in all nerve actions and the operations of the brain. It is a very common thing for a person who puts himself to sleep at night to say to himself, "I will wake at six o'clock to-morrow morning, for I have to catch a train." That is a familiar example of a deferred suggestion operating at a moment indicated several hours before. In abnormal conditions of the nervous system a shaking fit of ague will return at the same hour every third day or every fourth day. The sensation of hunger is periodic, according to the habit of the hour of eating. This periodic chronometric and involuntary operation of the nervous system is imported into hypnotism. There are other more complicated examples of time-element in the active and passive functions of the brain. There are the two or three well-observed and thoroughly authenticated instances in which persons have been found to live two different lives, with different mental characters, different capacities, at regular intervals in the course of the year, knowing nothing and remembering nothing during the one period of what they were thinking or doing in the other. Which of these should be considered the normal state of brain circulation, and which

the abnormal or hypnotic, it would be difficult to determine; but to recall these facts suffices to indicate that the introduction of the time-element in deferred suggestion has nothing of the supernatural, implies no conferring on the individual of new powers, and is only the introduction into advanced and highly developed stages of hypnotism of a functional action which is more or less natural with all brains. The only other example to which I need refer of the attempt to import into the subjective phenomena which I have described the element of the supernatural and the discovery of an unknown force is that of the so-called spiritualists and the telepathists. This is only a revival under a new form of the old follies and deceptions—often self-deceptions, and still more often impostures which surrounded the earlier introductions of the errors of the magnetizers, the spiritualists, and the mesmerists of the middle ages. The second-sight and clairvoyance of the witches and the demoniacs, of the mystics and the mesmerists, having been exposed and discredited, the same thing is still from time to time revived under new names more suited to a generation which has got rid of some of the wardrobe of the past. Telepathy sounds better to modern ears than mesmeric trance or clairvoyance; it has no more substantial foundation. It is an attempt to discover whether it is possible to see without eyes, to hear without ears, to receive or convey impressions without the aid of the special senses. The spirit-rappers, the Davenports, the Bishops, and thought-readers, the animal magnetisers, have dropped into darkness, and are buried in the mud. Telepathy is a silly attempt to revive in a pseudo-scientific form, such as self-deception of this kind has always assumed, but in a very feeble form, and with very futile and inane results, the failures and impostures of the past. Happily, it is confined to a few, and those, I am ashamed to say, chiefly in this country. It has a feeble and lingering existence, and is undoubtedly destined to die immaturely.

Universality of Life....James H. Hyslop....New York Herald

The great German philosopher Loetze holds that all atoms are conscious and of a spiritual nature. In this way he undertakes to account for the soul. What we call soul is, according to his theory, only a dominant atom. This view is reconcilable with the laws of evolution on the hypothesis

that the strongest atoms survive, or more correctly, perhaps, that they control the weaker atoms. The difficulty, of course, arises when we begin to select words with which to express so abstract an idea as life. Whatever form of expression is adopted it is not likely to mean the same thing to all men. An atom, we understand, occupies some space. But is not the first principle immeasurably illimitable? But anything that occupies space cannot be the first principle. Loetze, holding that the so-called facts of life can be explained by mechanical forces, eliminates the term life, or vital force, and believes only in soul. Loetze must believe that the soul can come into mechanical relations. This consciousness of atoms he extends resolutely to all material objects, even to crystals. However, the atoms, he contends, have no distinct existence, but are all purely dependent upon the soul, which is God.

A Telepathic Message....Dr. Courtney....The National Review

On the night of March 13th, 1879, I was going to a dinner party at Admiral ——'s. While dressing for the same, through the doorway of my room, which led into my husband's dressing-room, I distinctly saw a white hand move to and fro twice. I went into the room, and found no one was there or had been there, as the door on the other side was closed; and on inquiring I found no one had been upstairs. While dressing, nothing further occurred, but on arriving at Admiral ——'s a strange feeling of sadness came over me. I could eat no dinner; nor afterward, when we had some music, could I sing well. All the time I felt some one or something was near me. We went home, and about eleven o'clock, or perhaps half-past, I commenced undressing. I distinctly felt some one touching my hair, as if they, or he, or she, were undoing it. I was very frightened and told my husband so. He laughed at me. When saying my prayers, on praying as I always did for the recovery of a sick friend, instead of, as usual, asking God to make him well, all I could say was, "O God, put him out of his misery." I got into bed and something lay beside me. I told my husband, who, though he laughed at me, pitied my nervousness, and took me into his arms; but still whatever was there remained by me, and a voice—the voice of my friend—distinctly said, "Good-by, Sis" (which he used to call me). Whether I fell asleep then or not I don't know, but I distinctly felt a kiss

on my cheek, and I saw my friend, who told me "he had left me some money, but that he wanted it to be left differently, but had had no time to alter it." A livid line was across his face. I awoke crying. About (I think) five days after a letter was brought to me with a deep black border. I felt what it meant. It was to tell me of the death of my friend —, who had passed away at half-past ten P.M., March 13th. The letter proceeded to tell me he had left me some money, but that the writer (his brother) was too ill and upset to give further particulars, or tell me of any messages he had sent me, only that his brother "had died murmuring my name."

The New Orthodoxy....Lyman Abbott....Unitarian Club Address

I believe in the awful power of every man to say to God Almighty Himself, "I will not." I believe in the power of the individual soul to put the Almighty Himself at defiance. But I have long since abandoned the horrible travesty of divine justice involved in the doctrine of endless sin and endless punishment. I have abandoned it, not because I dare not look eternal suffering in the face, but because I cannot conceive of eternal sin, because I cannot believe that anywhere in God's great universe there will be at the last some little corner, large or small I ask not, where God will be defeated, and where passion and hate and wrath and wickedness will go on with increasing flame and fire forever and ever. So some of us believe that at the last God's grace will triumph in every soul, that all men will be brought to righteousness and God; and some of us believe that, if any soul defeats God's gracious will, on such God will not bestow that gift of immortality which is only in Him, and in those who are at one with Him. We do not, indeed, believe that we were in Adam as the oak is in the acorn. We do not believe that we sinned in Adam, as a nation sins in the sinful act of its representatives. When it is said that Adam represented us, our answer is that of a distinguished Presbyterian divine, "We did not vote for him." Nevertheless, we believe in the solidarity of the race. We believe there is a profound sense in which the human race is one. But, if there is an inheritance in sin there is also an inheritance in virtue; if we fell in Adam we rose in Christ; if we sinned in the Garden we conquered in the wilderness. We believe in spiritual certitude. If by agnosticism is meant that nothing can be known with

certainly respecting God and the invisible world, we are not agnostics. If by rationalism is meant that all our knowledge is derived from the logical faculty and through observed phenomena, we are not rationalists. We believe in the power of the human soul to perceive immediately and directly the spiritual and invisible world. We believe in spiritual certitude, but we do not believe in an infallible Church, and we do not believe in an infallible Bible. We do not believe that God has given to humanity infallibility, or that infallibility is a boon which humanity even should desire. We agree heartily—at least I do—in that declaration of John Stuart Mill that stirred men with a great throb of horror first, and of admiration afterward: "I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures, and, if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling Him, to hell I will go." Because the one profound truth in life is righteousness. Agnostic and Christian, orthodox and heretic, Ethical Culturist and Calvinist must join, in the last analysis, in this: That righteousness is righteousness in God or in man. What do we think about Jesus Christ? The old Unitarianism and the old orthodoxy seem to me to have agreed in their fundamental postulate that between God and man there is a great gulf, that God and man are in their essential nature different. So the Unitarian said, with Dr. Channing, Jesus Christ is the supremest of all created beings, still not God; or, with Theodore Parker, Jesus Christ is only man, therefore not God. Both assumed that man and God are in their essence different. The orthodox said: We must bridge this gulf. Jesus Christ is God. Jesus Christ is man. Therefore, Jesus Christ is God and man mysteriously joined together. Thus both Unitarianism and orthodoxy started on this assumption that man and God are, in the essential elements of their being, different. And to-day we meet again and again the declaration, Jesus Christ is not God. He is only perfect man. What, then, is the difference between God and man? I take it that the difference between God and man is twofold—one of quantity and one of quality, but not one of essence. God is infinite, man is finite—one of quantity. God is pure, man is impure—one of quality. But in the essential moral attributes of their being, these two are one and the same. Righteousness in God is righteousness in man. Love in God is love in man. I re-

pudiate utterly and entirely the declaration of the Westminster Assembly Confession of Faith that God is without parts or passions. The one thing that the Bible reveals above everything else is that God loves and hates, hopes and sorrows, reasons and thinks, with all the play and passion that are represented in humanity, save this, that His anger is righteous anger, His sorrow is a spiritual sorrow, His love a holy love—everything in Him pure, everything in us tainted. A drop of water is in its essence like the great cloudy covering that enwraps the earth. Touch it with ink, it is now a polluted drop of water, but still in its essence water, like the cloudy covering that enwraps the earth. Purify it, and it again becomes a perfect object-lesson of the cloud above us. A perfect man is himself the representative of the divine, for God and man are in their essence one. The new orthodoxy centres about Christ; it centres about Him as God manifest in the flesh, the brightness of God's glory, the express image of God's person, truly God and truly man; but it centres about Him not as God and man mysteriously joined together, but as God in man—the Eternal Word tabernacling in the one incomparable life that He may show what all human life is to become when God's work of love is completed. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." We do not make the cross of Christ of none effect. We believe that the passion of Jesus Christ had a potential influence, and is an essential element in bringing about that salvation which is righteousness; and we know no other salvation than that. But we do not believe that one person in the Trinity suffered in order to appease another person in the Trinity. We do not believe that Jesus Christ died to induce a reluctant God to forgive sin, nor in order to enable an impotent God to forgive sin. And, certainly, we do not believe that Jesus Christ died in order to perform a spectacular drama, to produce a moral influence on mankind.

Election and Preterition....Reviewing the Confession....New York Sun

The foundation of the Calvinistic system is the doctrine of election, with its consequences of preterition and the damnation of the heathen and of infants; but the recent movement for the revision of the Westminster Confession had its origin in a revolt against that doctrine. Except for it, the com-

mittee would never have been appointed. All the other work to which the revisers have addressed themselves was trivial as compared with the amendment of the Confession's articles touching election and preterition, or the passing by of those whom God did not choose to elect to salvation. To keep Calvinism, and yet to destroy its corner-stone and the pillar on which it rests, was therefore the superhuman and impossible labor imposed on these unhappy theologians. The Calvinistic theory of election is simply that as God knows all things, as for Him there is neither past nor present, as whatever happens was decreed by Him before all time, and as some of mankind are to be saved and some lost, He must have known from the beginning and decreed from the beginning, exactly and particularly, the number of the redeemed and of the damned. After stating this doctrine so far as it applies to the elect, the Confession proceeds to define the consequent doctrine of preterition, as it is called by theologians:

"The rest of mankind, God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of His own will, whereby He extendeth or withholdeth mercy as He pleaseth, for the glory of His sovereign power over His creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor or wrath for their sin, to the praise of His glorious justice."

That is clear enough to be comprehensible by the simplest intelligence; but it is an uncomfortable doctrine for many of the Presbyterians of our day. They do not like to believe that God ordained anybody to "dishonor and wrath" merely "for the glory of His sovereign power over His creatures." It seems to them cruel, monstrous; and yet very few of them have the courage to get rid of it wholly by declaring their belief that God did not number the damned and ordain their damnation, for the reason that there is no damnation. They prefer to omit all reference to the disagreeable subject in the Confession, as it is now omitted in almost every polite pulpit. But the Committee of Revision could not satisfy their desire and yet fulfil the command of the General Assembly to leave the Calvinism of the Confession unimpaired. Accordingly, after long consideration, they recently adopted this as an amended form of the article:

"The rest of mankind, God saw fit, according to the unsearchable counsel of His will, whereby He extendeth or withholdeth mercy as He pleaseth, not to elect to eternal life, and them He ordained to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of His glorious justice; yet hath He no pleasure in

the death of the wicked, nor is it His decree, but the wickedness of their own hearts, which restraineth and hindereth them from accepting the offer of His grace made in the Gospel."

Thus we are told that, instead of "passing by" those not elected, God did not elect them. But what is the difference in meaning? The objection, too, was not to the form of words, but to the fact. If He "ordained" the non-elect to "dishonor and wrath," "to the praise of His glorious justice," how can it be that it was not His pleasure so to do, and not "His decree" that they should be damned? If He ordained them to wrath, did He not foresee "the wickedness of their own hearts?" Assuming election, it is, of course, foolish to attempt thus to escape from its consequences. It is absurd to say in one breath that God "extendeth or withholdeth mercy as He pleaseth," and in the next to declare that "He has no pleasure" in withholding it. Yet these unhappy revisers are not incapable of reasoning. Poor men, they were simply floundering about in the hope that the Presbyterian Church would have pity and rescue them from the difficulty into which it had flung them. They showed the General Assembly how impossible the task committed to them.

Emerson on Immortality....The Religio-Philosophical Journal

We once heard Ralph Waldo Emerson lecture on Immortality. The lecture was a summing up of the results of human wisdom on the great problem of human destiny. He quoted ancient and modern authors from Plato to Goethe. The ancient Egyptians, he said, lived constantly with the idea of death before them. With them, the chief end of life was to be well buried; the strength of race was spent in excavating catacombs and erecting pyramids, and their priesthood was a senate of sextons. The Greeks, on the contrary, discarded the gloomy ideas of death, and believed in an active, joyous life. Christianity, taking its hue from the barbarous minds who first received it, consecrated burial places with holy water, in which only the faithful were to be interred. The superiority of the new theology over the old is seen in the change which has taken place in our places of sepulchre: the gloomy graveyards superseded by beautiful cemeteries, beneath whose leafy colonnades we now bury our dead. Sixty years ago, under the influence of Calvinism and the Catholic idea of purgatory, death was held up to the

young as something dreadful; the books read were Young's Night Thoughts, Watts's Hymns, and works On Death. The young were taught that they were born to die. A change has now come over our way of thinking of this matter and it is seen that death is a natural event, to be met with firmness. A great man has had placed on his tomb the words, "Think on Living." This is the true philosophy. Sufficient for to-day the duty of to-day. The way to prepare for death is to perform well the duty of the hour. The first element of natural faith in the immortality of the soul is our delight in that which is permanent. We delight in immense periods of time, in rocks, mountains, and whatever has stability and permanency. We are interested in nothing that ends. The idea of a candle a mile long does not move us, but a self-feeding, inextinguishable lamp enkindles the imagination. Secondly, this love of permanence corresponds with the wants of our nature. It proves that there is something in us that must have longer time for its development than earth can give. Most men are insolvent; they have failed to fulfil the promise of their youth. Few great authors or artists consider their work equal to their ideals. The Creator having given us this consciousness of undeveloped powers will give further space in which to develop them—immortality is space in which to fulfil your ideal. Another argument for immortality is our intellectual activity. The work of the intellect, unlike that of the hands, is never done. The result of all human knowledge is only to know how much more there is yet to be known. And the most cogent argument for immortality is our appetite for all knowledge. God would not have implanted this within our breast if he had not intended to give us space for its gratification. The argument for immortality of the soul with Mr. Emerson was a conclusion, not a demonstration, and he thought man's dissatisfaction with any other conclusion blazing evidence of his immortality.

What is it that Gets Drunk ?....The Pittsburg Times

What is it that gets drunk when one takes too much whiskey, his body or his mind, or, more comprehensively, his soul? Every one has seen a man's body drunk while his mind was sober; that is to say, he could control neither his arms nor his legs, but he could control his thought, and be entirely capable of transacting business safely. The most

satisfactory notion which one can form of the strange phenomena which the Society of Psychic Research has been investigating is, that they are the product of nerve force, as it is fairly demonstrated that they occur only under certain conditions. These phenomena come nearest to what are imagined to be the pure soul forces. Health, it is held, is dependent on nervous equilibrium. When one is sick it is because there is an excess of nervous action in one direction and a deficiency in another. To restore the equality of this nervous action is to restore health. Suggestion, a purely psychical thing, is the agency of this restoration. The sick man is put in the way of utilizing his own forces to heal himself. The soul turns doctor of the body. Through suggestion, the victim of drink becomes his own reformer. So it is the body which gets drunk and not the soul, although the soul may wickedly enjoy the sight of the body making a fool of itself. So we have the statement that the drinkers cured by hypnotic suggestion "have undergone a moral transformation," and the further statement that as this cannot be brought about by any drug, "the bi-chloride of gold may serve a subsidiary purpose as a tonic," but the cure is effected by faith which comes in the way of suggestion.

When to Love....Mrs. Singleton (Violet Fane)....Nineteenth Century

I would venture upon one observation, with which let no youth or maiden be offended. The man who desires to experience the passion of love at its fullest perfection ought not to be too young. Memories, regrets, the experience which furnishes the faculty for making comparisons, do not spring into existence, like mushrooms, in the course of a single night, and yet these, likewise, are necessary ingredients in the composition of true passion. And so—without going quite so far as that eminent novelist who, as his own years advanced, added proportionately to those of his heroes, and was probably only saved by death from depicting the loves of the absolutely senile—I should certainly not seek for the constant and devoted heart beneath the striped flannels of an undergraduate, any more than I should look for it within the trim bodice of the raw school-girl, whose voracious *besoin d'aimer* might lead her to fall down and worship the very first man that came across her path. But what has the passing of the actual years to do with falling in love, when the

whole matter lies centred in the inappreciable age of the heart? In order to fall in love vigorously and satisfactorily, a man must have arrived at the age of reason. He must have outlived, that is to say, all that went to make him hare-brained, impetuous, or incapable of gauging the strength of his own emotions, while, at the same time, he must not have entered that barren and desolate region which is strewn with dead illusions and shattered idols. He must have come to know, of course, that "all is not gold that glitters," while retaining his appreciation of the precious metal when it is pure and unalloyed. The sensation of heart-hunger which comes to most men at some period of their lives must not have been succeeded by that of either repletion or satiety, and he should still be a believer in true and disinterested affection while admitting and deploring the rarity of the phenomenon. "Wait till you come to forty year!" sings Thackeray in his well-known ballad, after which age, if we are to believe the great novelist, a man ceases to care about anything but "dipping his nose in the Gascon wine." I should like to think that all this modern march of intellect, which inculcates temperate habits and improved sanitary conditions (with the result, as I hear, of increasing the average of human longevity), may have somewhat extended the limit of male sensibility. Be this as it may, however, the period of man's enlightened susceptibility must of necessity be brief; brief as the fleeting months which intervene between seed-time and harvest, when

Ere the March-strewn grain shall be bound in the sheaf
There is left us a little time to love,

while, in some matter-of-fact natures, this time is reduced to what Sterne has designated, "only the breadth of an hair."

Confessions of a Hypnotizee....Arthur Howton....The Open Court

The first effect observed is that the sensitive shows the symptoms of the patient's sickness in an exaggerated form; then the operator impresses the patient with the idea that his malady has been transferred to the subject; if the patient is of a hysterical temperament he will think that, as "seeing is believing," he has really lost his disease. This accounts for the seemingly miraculous cures we hear of, for we all know that to convince hysterical patients that they are well is to make them well, unless there is actual organic derangement. I myself have been used in a large number of cases

in both the Old and the New Worlds and have seen performed some cures that would cause St. Paul and Simon Magus to take back seats. One thing is certain, and that, from practical experience, that as an alleviator of suffering from that very distressing yet not serious class of ailments whose termination is algia—cephalalgia, nostalgia, neuralgia, myalgia, etc.—it stands unrivalled. But it is as an educational and moral agent that I expect most good from it. Dr. Myers, of London, England, says: "I have seen the confirmed drunkard throw the gin bottle out of the window in extreme disgust, and I think that this is a genuine advance in therapeutics which England should be glad to learn even at second hand." Many persons arguing from the premise of popular prejudice may say, "Yes, but these advantages are more than counterbalanced by its evil effects on the unfortunate subject"; vain delusion, unpardonable mistake, I have been a subject for the last thirteen years; and far from experiencing any inconvenience from being hypnotized as many as a dozen times a day, I may say that I have actually felt physically, morally, but chiefly intellectually better for it. Not only this, but I have had unexceptional opportunities for studying the cases of other habitual or as Charcot calls them "trained" hypnotic subjects—and can honestly say that they showed a higher status of intelligence than others of similar education, and were certainly benefited by it. Again, as for its use for surgical operations its value has long since been determined, and Dr. Esdaile, presidency surgeon of Bengal at Calcutta, performed, in the six years ending 1851, chiefly upon natives, no fewer than 256 surgical operations without pain, anæsthesia being produced hypnotically, some of them as serious as lithotomy and amputation above the knee. Other surgeons, including the famous Dr. Elliotson, editor of the *Zoist*, and house physician of the Mesmeric Infirmary, London, also demonstrated its practical utility, but the discovery of chloroform soon turned the tide of attention from hypnotism to something more easily understood.

IN DIALECT

Keekin' In....Author of Wayside Songs....Glasgow Weekly Citizen

Keekin' roon the door, lad?
 Will ye no' come in?
 The rain is happin' on the sills,
 The wind maks sic a din.
 Ye're nae lad o' the village,
 Or ye wadna be sae blate;
 But here, tak' aff the cog o' milk,
 And toom yer parritch plate.
 Ye say yer faither's oot o' wark,
 Yer mither's like tae dee;
 And hae ye walked four miles and twa
 Tae get a penny fee?
 Puir laddie! but the road is hard,
 And life a race tae rin;
 At mony a door we're forced tae stand,
 A keekin', keekin' in.
 And mony a ruthless hand, lad,
 Will steek the open door;
 And mony a voice will bid ye gang
 The way ye cam' afore.
 It's no' in mortals' power, man,
 Dame Fortune's heart tae win;
 And death is gatherin' in the e'en
 O' ane that's keekin' in.
 And Fame has got a door, lad,
 That aften stands agee;
 The poet and the man o' words
 Aft come their fate tae dree.
 For the critic is an unco chap,
 He slams it wi' a grin,
 And leaves the puir soul in the cold,
 A keekin', keekin' in.
 And Love, tae, has a door, lad,
 Wi' roses twined and a';
 And the heart gangs keekin' round, 'lad,
 When the winds o' simmer blaw.
 But aften at the last, lad,
 The e'en wi' tears are blin'

For the heart that went away, lad,
Content wi' keekin' in.

And though ye canna think, lad.
O' what I mean ava,
Tak' time and tent, my laddie,
For its truth comes tae us a'.
The rain is aff, ye've had yer sup,
Here's something ye may spin;
And Love and Fortune ope their door
When ye gang keekin' in.

Too Progressive for Him....Lurana W. Sheldon....Jester

I am somethin' of a vet'ran, just a turnin' eighty year—
A man that's hale an' hearty an' a stranger tew all fear;
But I've heard some news this mornin' that has made my old
head spin,
An' I'm goin' tew ease my conshuns if I never speak ag'in.
I've lived my four-score years of life, an' never till tew-day
Wuz I taken fer a jackass or an ign'raht kind o' jay,
Tew be stuffed with such durned nonsense 'bout them crawl-
in' bugs an' worms
That's killin' human bein's with their "mikroskopik germs."
They say there's "mikrobes" all about a-lookin' fer their prey;
There's nothin' pure tew eat nor drink, an' no safe place tew
stay;
There's "miasmy" in the dewfall an' "malaria" in the sun;
'Tain't safe to be outdoors at noon or when the day is done.
There's "bactery" in the water an' "trikeeny" in the meat,
A "meeby" in the atmosphere, "calory" in the heat;
There's "corpussels" an' "pigments" in a human bein's
blood,
An' every other kind o' thing existin' sence the flood.
Terbacker's full o' "nickerteen," whatever that may be;
An' your mouth'll all get puckered with the "tannin" in the
tea;
The butter's "olymargareen"—it never saw a cow;
An' things is gittin' wus an' wus from what they be just now.
Them bugs is all about us, just a-waitin' fer a chance
Tew navigate our vitals an' tew 'naw us off like plants.

There's men that spends a lifetime huntin' worms just like a
goose,
An' takin' Latin names to 'em an' lettin' on 'em loose.

Now, I don't believe sech nonsense, an' I'm not a-goin' tew try.
If things has come tew such a pass, I'm satisfied tew die;
I'll go hang me in the sullar, fer I won't be such a fool
As to wait until I'm pizened by a "annymallycool."

The Ole Pine Box....Frank L. Stanton....Atlanta Constitution

We didn't care in the long ago
For easy chairs 'at were made for show—
With velvet cushions in red and black,
An' springs 'at tilted a feller back
Afore he knowed it—like them in town—
Till his heels flew up an' his head went down!
But the seat we loved in the times o' yore
Wuz the ole pine box by the grocery store!

Thar it sot in the rain an' shine,
Four feet long by the measurin' line;
Under the chiny-berry tree—
Jes' as cosey as she could be!
Fust headquarters for infermation—
Best ole box in the whole creation;
Hacked an' whittled an' wrote with rhyme,
An' so blamed sociable all the time.

Thar we plotted an' thar we planned,
Read the news in the paper, and
Talked o' poliyticks fur an' wide,
Got mixed up as we argyfied!
An' the ole town fiddler sawed away
At "Ole Dan Tucker" an' "Nelly Gray!"
Oh, they's boxes still—but they ain't no more
Like the ole pine box at the grocery store.

It ain't thar now as it wuz that day—
Burnt, I reckon, or throwed away:
An' some o' the folks 'at the ole box knowed
Is fur along on the dusty road;
An' some's crost over the river wide
An' found a home on the other side.
Have they all forgot? Don't they sigh no more
Fer the ole pine box by the grocery store?

BIOGRAPHICAL

Charles Haddon Spurgeon....Rev. Wayland Hoyt....Christian Union

Mr. Spurgeon was a man of the most singular ability of self-marshalling and self-control. In this respect he always reminded me of Mr. Beecher. He seemed to be absolutely sure of himself for any moment for any occasion. At once his powers would gather themselves in exact order, and he could call on this or that at will, as it was needed. I once said to Mr. Beecher, "It cannot be called a labor for you to preach." "No," he said, "it is only a kind of involuntary labor." That same singular ability of powers at once in hand was evident in Mr. Spurgeon. His pulpit preparations were always just before each service. He once said to me that if he were appointed to preach on some great occasion six months beforehand, he should not think at all of preparation for the duty until just as the time struck—he would occupy himself about other things. This surprising power of quick self-control and marshalling of powers gave him a perpetual consciousness of ease. He had never the fear that he would not be equal to the time. He knew that when the moment came he would be ready; so, instead of being strained and anxious, his mind was in a beautiful openness for whatever might flow in upon it. And yet, especially in his earlier years, after his preparation had been made, and just as he was about to confront the throngs he knew were gathering to listen to him, he used to have the most fearful nervous anxiety, almost convulsions. He told me once that for years and years in his early ministry he never preached but that he had had beforehand the most straining time of vomiting. His stomach was able to retain absolutely nothing. In later years he vanquished this nervous tendency. Nothing was more delightful about Mr. Spurgeon than his evident child-like faith. That God should do great things for him, through him, seemed to him to be as much expected as that a mother should meet the necessities of her child. He had been telling me once about the amount of money he must disburse in order to sustain his various enterprises. We stopped talking for a little, and I sat looking at him. He was as unconcerned as is a little child holding its mother's hand. There were no lines upon his brow, there was no shadow of anxiety upon

his face, only the large, good-natured English smile. I was thinking of the orphans he must feed, the old Christian women he must care for, the professors' salaries in his Pastors' College he must pay, the students he must supply with teaching, many of them with bread and clothing, since they were too poor to buy these for themselves. I said to him: "How can you be so easy-minded? Do not these responsibilities come upon you sometimes with a kind of crushing weight?" He looked at me with a sort of holy amazement and answered: "No, the Lord is a good banker; I trust him. He has never failed me. Why should I be anxious?"

An Oriental Monarch....F. Scudamore....Blackwood's Magazine

In appearance the late Tewfik Pacha, while bearing a certain resemblance to his father, in so far as a rather good-looking dark man can resemble a strikingly ugly red one, yet wore many strong traces of the fellah side of his parentage. At first sight he doubtless struck his visitor as being a somewhat heavy, stolid, almost clumsy-brained Ottoman, who, despite a graceful dignity inseparable from his origin and training, possessed little more intellectual expression than does the "Turk's head" known in this country. But when his interest was awakened in his visitor's conversation—and in this he was neither backward nor hard to please—his face was at once lit up with that pleasant winning smile which has a peculiar charm in grave Turkish faces. Perhaps the most lasting impression he conveyed to those who knew him was a strong belief in his sincerity, his absolute honesty, his truth and single-mindedness. That he meant and believed everything he said was at once transparent, and this in itself roused a healthful sympathy in him, which grew with his acquaintance. Diffident almost to a fault, shy—nervous even—to a degree unusual in orientals, he had, when at ease, a great sweetness of manner, coupled with a certain facile dignity that sat well on him, but through which rippled at times waves of boyish roguishness that endeared him immediately to those by whom he was attracted. A dry wit and a strong sense of humor are thoroughly characteristic of both Turks and Arabs. In Tewfik, perhaps, humor was not the strongest point, but he readily and keenly appreciated a ludicrous or ridiculous situation. A gentleman who has elected to remain anonymous has several good stories of him in this con-

nection, some of which will bear repetition. When England and France were re-establishing the dual control to which Tewfik was said to be opposed, one of Tenniel's cartoons represented him as objecting to his "new pair of boots." When it was shown to the Khedive, he looked at it closely and then said: "Ah, but this is a *pair*. Your Mr. Punch should have drawn two odd boots—one of English make, one of French make." Although obliged to wear the odd pair—and very painful it must have been—he preferred undoubtedly to stand upon the English sole and swing the other foot as loosely as might be. Indeed he never attempted to conceal his strong English prepossessions. In his own household he had about him English body-servants, coachmen, and grooms; his sons had an English tutor, his daughter an English nurse, and the princess an English maid. And he was fond of speaking English—which he did but imperfectly—whenever occasion offered. He was fully conscious of his want of perfection, and was always immensely pleased when his sons Abbas and Mehemet Ali—who as children spoke the language as their own—corrected him and said: "That's not right, father. You can't speak English at all."

The Khedive, oddly enough for an oriental, did not smoke, with the result that the palace cigarettes—invariably handed round with coffee—were notoriously the worst in Cairo, and except in the case of absolute strangers it was ludicrous to see how tobacco was avoided in his presence. He always carried a cigarette-case, however, and delighted in offering it and little presents of money to the English sentries placed round his palace when first Cairo was occupied by British troops. He loved to tell of his experiences with these guards.

An early riser, he was in the habit of either beginning his reading of official reports or walking in his garden in the cool surnise hour. One morning, returning to the palace from a walk in the gardens, he was stopped by a sentry.

"Yer can't go in 'ere, yer know," said the man of war, with the Briton's amiable contempt for the fat little "furiner."

"But I belong to the palace," faltered the Khedive.

"Oh, do yer? Got a good place?"

"Very good," said Tewfik, diffidently.

"Ah, yer look like it. Bustin' times, I suppose. Nothing to do and plenty to eat. I wouldn't mind serving your master. Would he stand six shilling a-day? What sort of feller is he?"

And then, alas! the sergeant coming round recognized and saluted the Khedive, to the vast discomfort of Thomas Atkins and to the chagrin of his Highness, who would fain have heard more about himself, and who probably had never received a more sincere offer of service.

There is only one phrase that can adequately sum up the late Khedive's character—he was a thoroughly honorable gentleman. Above all things he was loyal—loyal to the backbone. In spite of every temptation and provocation he refused to intrigue against his father. Equally loyal when he had accepted, much against his will, the detestable dual control, which he predicted would fail, as indeed it did, he supported it loyally through recurrent blunders. When, long before any one else, he foresaw the ultimate significance of the Arabi movement, he loyally accepted and loyally maintained the rôle of constitutional sovereign which was given him. Loyal to England and to France—until France abandoned him—he turned a deaf ear to the Porte. Still loyal, he accepted Lord Dufferin's constitution, knowing full well that it could not meet the requirements of the country; and finally, when, after a series of extravagant blunders, such as must have made his blood boil, England, having first lost him Khartoum and then handed over the rich Dongola province to the enemy, finally called upon him to abandon altogether the extensive territory won for Egypt by his great-uncle and his father, he, trusting loyally to England's wisdom, accepted the sacrifice and made no complaint.

He was not, maybe, a strong ruler. But what place has there been for a strong ruler in Egypt in the past twelve years? What might not an ambitious or treacherous prince—an Abbas, a Said, or an Ismail—have done to set Europe, ay, and Turkey, in a fume? His loyalty, his patience, his scrupulous honesty, his kindly and amiable disposition, and his shrewd common-sense have undoubtedly stood England as well as Egypt in goodly stead.

And with that let us leave him to his rest.

The Duke of Clarence....The New Review

Certainly no one could accuse him of affectation or giving himself airs. The most that could ever be said in his disfavor was that he appeared occasionally somewhat absent in mind, or replied to a question as if he had not heard the last

remark made to him by his neighbor. Generally on Thursday he would have a few guests, rarely exceeding six or eight, to dine with him in his own rooms in college. To these little parties, besides his more intimate personal friends, came, in twos or threes at a time, many of the senior members of the University; and in the evening afterward there would often be a couple of rubbers of whist, which he was very fond of and played well. In his hours of recreation he strove to identify himself with all the interests of the place. Though he belonged to the Union and sometimes attended the debates he was more often seen in the rooms of the Pitt Club. He occasionally went on the river, but having been initiated into the mysteries of rowing in his naval cadet days, it did not now appeal to him as his chief amusement. Polo and hockey were the two games he appeared to like best. He sometimes hunted, but an undergraduate cannot do so except under difficulties. He was fond of open-air exercise, and constantly might be met riding either across the open fields in late autumn, or at other times on the broad turf that borders the roads in the neighborhood of Cambridge, with two or three of his undergraduate friends, to whom often he would give a mount on his own horses. His love of music was inherited; he nearly always attended the weekly concerts of chamber music in the small room at the Town Hall. His human sympathies with the poor and suffering were evinced by the warm interest he took in the Toynbee Hall work in Whitechapel, and in that of the Trinity College Mission in Camberwell. When an attempt is made to fairly estimate the character of any young man, more especially if there be question as to his fitness to occupy any given position, it is expedient not only to take into account the presence of good points, but also the absence of bad tendencies that might, had they been present owing to natural propensity or to the course of training to which the individual had been subjected, have threatened to mar his prospects of success. The Duke of Clarence had lived more than half the span that is covered by the average life of man. During that time he had not given the smallest sign of possessing aught in his character that would militate against his capability to worthily fill the position of constitutional sovereign of these realms, if ever it had been fated that he should hold the sceptre. He had given sure token of possessing much that in a time of crisis

would have stirred the hearts of his fellow-countrymen to their depths. He seemed by nature and by training peculiarly fitted to have taken a position as head of the commonwealth, above party and above ambition. There was in him a total absence of ill-will to any man, of all ill-temper, or arrogance, or self-conceit. He was ever willing to defer to the counsels of those who were older or wiser than himself, ever ready to do promptly and gracefully that which he saw or was shown to be fitting. In judging of that fitness he was scrupulous in his desire to avoid wounding the feelings of others; he was ever intent, if possible, to give them pleasure. His honesty of purpose was at all times transparent; in word and deed he was ever sincere. His simple ideal was to do quietly and without fuss the plain duty of the moment and to leave the rest to God. His experience of men and things was already wide; had he lived his outlook on life would have been still further broadened; and increase of responsibility and of authority would inevitably have strengthened the development of his mental powers. He had a fond love for his country, and, founded on a knowledge of what she had done in the past, a firm belief in her destiny in the present and in the future. It is not wonderful that he should have inspired in his home circle and amid his relatives and friends the deepest and truest affection and regard.

Cardinal Manning....Eugene L. Didier....No Name Magazine

It is not generally known that Cardinal Manning was a married man. While an archdeacon in the Church of England he married Miss Serjeant, whose two eldest sisters married Bishop Wilberforce and Henry Wilberforce, his brother. Mrs. Manning lived only a few months after her marriage, and her death filled the sensitive soul of her husband with a deep and lasting sorrow and turned him more and more to a life of entire spirituality. Cardinal Manning was born in 1809, the same year that witnessed the birth of Alfred Tennyson and Edgar Poe. His father was a member of Parliament and Governor of the Bank of England. Young Manning, after a preparatory education at Harrow, entered Balliol College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself no less by his brilliant scholarship than by the exquisite polish of his manners. He has been pronounced a typical English public-school man—meaning thereby a public school in a very dif-

ferent sense from an American public school, for a public school in England is very fashionable and quite as expensive as a college education in the United States. "Men who have not had such training may have courtly manners, may be thorough men of the world," said C. Kegan Paul; "those educated at home may have equal, sometimes more, education, but the combination of learning worn lightly like a flower, great frankness of manner, with power of reticence when needed, aptness of being at home in any society from the rough to the courtier, and simple unconscious ease, are generally to be found among Englishmen only in those educated in the public schools." These various and attractive qualities gave Henry Manning a high position at Oxford, where he became a fellow of Merton College at the early age of twenty-four and Archdeacon of Chichester before he was thirty-three. At that age the future Cardinal-Archbishop seemed very far from the Catholic Church, for just at that time he preached so violent a tirade against "Popery" that Dr. Newman, who was then preparing to join the Church, declined to see him the next time he called. While holding orders in the Church of England Dr. Manning maintained the spiritual grace of baptism, and when this doctrine was denied by Mr. Gorham, and the view of the latter was pronounced tenable by the Church of England, Manning "felt the very ground on which he stood cut from under him," and, shaking from his feet the dust of the church of his ancestors, entered the Church of Rome. His rise was rapid and brilliant. He founded the order of Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, was raised to the dignified position of Provost of Westminster, and became a great favorite of Cardinal Wiseman, who recommended him to the Holy See as worthy of the honorary title of monsignor. When Wiseman died, in 1865, Pope Pius IX. raised him to the vacant see of Westminster, and in 1875 he was created a cardinal, the highest dignity in the church except that of pope. For the last twenty years Cardinal Manning has been constantly and conspicuously before the world. Not only as a preacher and controversialist has he appeared before the public, but he has been a prominent figure in the social world of London, meeting on an equal footing dukes and princes as well as the most intellectual men of the time. Nor is he to be found wanting in the work of the vast archdiocese of which he is

the head. Many a poor man's death-bed has been blessed by the presence of the great cardinal archbishop, and many a poor family relieved by the same liberal hand that wrote the most powerful defence of the vatican decrees and the astute arguments in favor of the independence of the holy see. Cardinal Manning was a frequent guest at banquets whose luxurious viands would have satisfied that prince of gourmands, Lord Gullotson in Pelham—banquets which surpass everything that Lucullus and all the Roman *bon-vivants* ever dreamed—but the ascetic churchman in the midst of such feasts made his dinner off a baked potato, a piece of beef, and a glass of water. The cardinal was an early riser, getting up at five in summer and six in winter. After half an hour's meditation, he said mass in his private chapel, and then passed thirty minutes in thanksgiving. He breakfasted at seven in summer and eight in winter, which is very early for an English gentleman, late hours at night and late hours in the morning being the rule in London. After an extremely light breakfast, the cardinal passed an hour or two over his correspondence and the Times, and devoted the rest of the morning to literary work and to matters belonging to his archdiocese, receiving all visitors with the most gentle and winning courtesy. His voice in conversation was low but clear, and his smile singularly sweet. He was not a great talker in the sense of talking much, but he expressed himself with great clearness and expression on all subjects, a proof that he had thought much. When I looked at the spare, emaciated figure and thin, wan face of Cardinal Manning, it seemed strange that one possessing so little physical strength could endure the constant demand upon his mind and body required by the exalted position which he held among the princes of the Church of Rome.

TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, SPORT

Giants of the Australasian Forest....The London Globe

The kauri pine is undisputed sovereign of the Australasian forest. No other tree can approach it in grandeur of proportion or in impressiveness, when, as one of a clan, it holds as its own stretches of country hundreds of miles in extent. Perhaps the sight which a kauri grove presents to the eye is unequalled in the whole realm of nature. As the traveller gazes around him in the recesses of the forest he is impressed even against his will. To walk between those mighty pillars, smooth and dark as ebony, uniform in age and size, and buried in a perennial twilight and silence that the wildest storm only disturbs by the merest ripple of sound, awakens a feeling of awe. Mile upon mile they stretch into distance, in a majestic procession that follows every irregularity of the land, like some colossal temple dedicated to night or melancholy, the sombre aisles full of an awful monotony and a solemn stillness. Like the Egyptian Sphinx, they ignore the lapse of time, preserving the same majestic calm and unvarying expression before the cataclysms which have altered the whole aspects of the globe, and before the social upheavals which have swept away civilizations as if they had never been. If geologists be correct, New Zealand is a fragment of a continent which sank beneath the waters as the new world rose. It is a relic of a bygone age. The youth of the oldest kauri groves is therefore shrouded in the mists of the past. But that they are very ancient is beyond doubt. They were mere saplings when the Pharaohs adorned the land of Egypt with imperishable memorials of their power, and were still slight and graceful when Solomon filled the East with the fame of his glory; they stood in all the pride of maturity when Hannibal crossed the Alps, and Rome entered on her victorious career. They have seen the splendid dawn of all the great empires of the world, and seen them set in gloom, when the canker of decay had sapped their very foundations. But the kauri has now fallen upon evil days; its closing years are full of danger. It has survived to see the forms of life, long dead in the great masses of land, fade away before the vigorous fauna and flora of another order of things. At no distant date it also, like the natives, the birds, the grasses,

will have passed into the measureless oblivion from whence it came. In the presence of this venerable, giant pine of Maoriland, the grandest representative of a primitive age, the colonial, a creature of yesterday, feels like a pigmy, as he gazes on the solemn files on every side. As though ashamed of his own littleness and painful newness, he is possessed only with the passion of destruction. The weirdness inseparable from the very nature of a kauri forest is intensified by the total absence of animal life. The contented droning of insects, the hum of the bee, the glad singing of birds, so distinctive of the mixed bush, are never heard beneath the umbrageous canopy which excludes the radiant southern sun. The kauri reigns supreme in its own domain. Nor is there the enchanting diversity of ordinary bush—the palms and the tree ferns, the shrubs, and the prodigal wealth of beautiful parasites whose bewildering variety is unrivalled even in the Torrid Zone. With the exception of a living carpet of delicate maidenhair which attains a height of from five to six feet, and of ropes of creeper ferns which swing from tree to tree like fairies in the castle of a giant, the forest is altogether bare of undergrowth. In the woods of recent growth, however, vegetation is more luxuriant. The long tendrils of the clematis and rata connect trunk with trunk in garlands of white and scarlet bloom, and at their base flourishes an infinite variety of ferns, while here and there a graceful tree-fern rears its silvery-lined crown. It is a curious sight to English eyes to see a group of young kauris, standing dark, tall, and erect against the pale blue and gold of the sky and the lighter greens of the background of forest. Like all the species, the dome is out of all proportion to the height. But their doom has been spoken. The axe of the lumberer and the whirr of the saw-mill resound in the land, and the earth quivers with the shock of falling patriarchs. With the recklessness of the spendthrift the New Zealander is spending his heritage, and before another fifty years have passed away this noble tree will be as extinct as the moa. But to really bring home to the mind the stupendous size of the Colonial Oak, as it has been called, it must be compared with the largest trees in these islands. In England there are several elms 70 feet high and 30 feet in girth; oaks 80 feet high and with trunks 40 feet in girth; and, in Scotland, there is an ash 90 feet high and 19 feet in girth. But these are

regarded as extraordinary, and grow in solitary grandeur. The average girth of trees in Britain is not more than 12 feet nor the average height above 60 feet. But in New Zealand there are miles of kauris whose average height is not less than 100 feet, and whose girth is not less than 30 feet and 40 feet. The largest kauri yet discovered was 70 feet in girth, and the trunk was 200 feet high.

The Gamins of Rome....T. Sogard....Detroit Free Press

When I, one day during my stay in Rome, got into a dispute with a cabman because he, in addition to the regular fare, demanded *buona mansia*—a tip—a little fellow six or seven years old came up and said in a paternal, assuring tone:

"Sixty centime is enough, sir. The rascal is very impudent; don't you give him any more."

In the same breath he asked me for a soldo for the service rendered. I handed him a coin, laughing at his grand airs, and he received it with a condescending gesture as he patronizingly said:

"Grazie, signor! a revider" ("I will see you later").

Then he hastily made his departure; for the driver reached for his whip and was going to pay him for his meddling.

I had walked only a short distance when another boy was at my side.

"Si, signor, you are quite right; this is the road to St. Pietro and the Vatican—give me a soldo!"

What a logical argument! I drove him off, of course. But a few minutes later a third one bounded forward.

"My lord! you are going to lose your handkerchief."

That was another soldo.

I succeeded in dismissing also this fellow, but only to come from the frying pan into the fire; for a bootblack, scarcely more than five years old, was already making for me, swinging his brushes as he began:

"Your boots, sir! your boots!"

I am not so extravagant as some of the native Romans, who have their boots polished several times in a day, and I tried to ignore him. Then he appealed to my self-respect.

"But, my lord, such boots!" he exclaimed reprovingly, as he trotted along by my side. "O Dio mio! what nasty boots! O Santo Madre di Dio! what boots! I really pity you, sir. Indeed! such boots! In fato! I am sorry for you!"

All this was uttered in a tone of the most profound moral conviction, the most disinterested fellow-feeling of regret and sympathy, as if I were a friend whom he had met on a forbidden way. But when this appeal failed, he dropped behind a few steps and changed his tactics to a noisy persecution.

"Just look at that American. One can always tell an American by his dirty boots."

That was too much for me. I concluded to let the little imp shine my boots rather than to see the entire American people expelled from the family of well-polished nations.

Horsemanship and Polo....Foxhall Keene....Lippincott's Magazine

The medical faculty from the days of Æsculapius to the present has given its indorsement to no safer or wiser prescription than "The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man." When the digestive organs are sluggish, or the nervous tissues are inert, or at war with one another, the person to whom these refractory agents belong has only to mount a horse and ride forth over country roads, under the breezy skies, and he may feel sure that he will speedily restore the tone of his system. One must, of course, know how to ride before he enters upon such a course of treatment. Unquestionably the best riders are those who begin in boyhood and learn to ride bareback or without stirrups. Farm boys ride in this manner, and even without bridles, using only the halter rope. In this way they arrive at the true art of equitation, which consists in being at one with the body of the horse by virtue of the legs alone, the arms being unconcerned in the enterprise, except as guides in the direction of the animal. In this manner the marauding Indians and the expert hunters and cowboys of the plains are able to ride; although they may be provided with saddles and bridles, they keep their arms in such positions that they can use bow and arrow, carbine, or lasso with as much ease as if they were on foot. In the eyes of a really expert horseman, the spectacle of a rider using the bridle as a means of steadying himself in his seat is ludicrous or melancholy; but in either case it shocks his sense of fitness and fills him with contempt for the person who thus abuses one of the noblest of human prerogatives—that of mastery over the animal kingdom. No exercise is better adapted to promote the physical well-being of a person whose constitution is in reasonably good order

than that of horseback-riding. It gives play to a larger variety of the muscles than any other exercise, and, up to a certain point, without fatigue. The rider, even when he travels alone, is not alone; his horse is a continual companion; and when he rides with a competent horseman or horsewoman, he combines about as many of the elements of healthful pleasure in one recreation as are allotted to mortals. Conversation is not impracticable, although on such trips two people could not undertake to discuss the tariff, or problems of three bodies in astronomy, or affinities of salts and bases in chemistry; but bright *répartee*, interchanges of sentiment and emotion, are quite within their power. This is one of the greatest charms of horseback-riding. Driving furnishes nothing in comparison; walking and the bicycle are out-classed; equitation is first, and the rest nowhere. In Europe and America there are ample facilities for us if we wish to take a leaf from the book of the wise and enterprising Asiatics of by-gone centuries. The game of polo is unquestionably of Asiatic origin. The first requirement for successful polo is a smooth and well-kept field. Our supply of ponies comes from the far West. You can go to nearly any Western town or ranch and for a comparatively small sum secure any number of small ponies well trained in the first rudiments of polo: that is, they have had their training in rounding up and cutting out cattle. The game of polo is played with four men on each side. It is one-ball billiards, with the earth for a table, and the skies—not the ceiling of a close room—for a canopy; daylight instead of gaslight; pure air and the most varied exhilarating exercise instead of noxious atmosphere and a monotonous and wearing walk around the table. But to enjoy polo and to handle a mallet well in any one of the numerous clubs that exist in the vicinity of New York, you must know how to ride. You can't manage your pony and swing a polo mallet at the same time unless you have the firmest of seats and rely on your legs alone to retain your equilibrium. You must know how to ride like a cowboy, a Mexican, a Comanche Indian, or a Persian; then, if you have a quick eye, a nimble arm, and an inborn taste for sport, you are qualified to play polo. There seems no doubt that polo is the hardest game to play of all out-door sports. It may not require as much brute strength as football or rowing, but it certainly needs a great deal of strength, skill, good

judgment, quickness of eyesight, and determination. Team play comes into the game far more than one would suppose. Comparing it with football, we find very many more tricks in football than in polo; yet this game abounds in tricks which have to be known by every man on the team—every man having to do his particular share in the game, to say nothing of the required skill in the management of his pony. Take two teams of equal skill at individual play, and the side that have made a study of team play will invariably win against their less united opponents. What makes this game so difficult is, that after you know what you are to do, you have to act yourself and then have to get your pony of the same mind. Great quickness is a necessity of this game, as in every severe match nine-tenths of all plays happen in the fraction of a second. Now one can see how a good horseman (when, for instance, racing for the ball) will in nearly every instance accomplish his purpose by his superior horsemanship. This principle is instanced on the turf. A first-class jockey riding an inferior horse will frequently win against a better horse handled by a less skilful rider.

Havana's Great Opera-House....N. Y. Evening Post

Havana is very gay in winter, that being the season of festivity both indoors and out. The leading clubs then give their balls and parties; the military bands play in the parks; and the theatres are in full swing, with the latest novelties in opera and drama. The city looks unusually brilliant during carnival week, the main streets being crowded with masked revellers. The Prado is the grand parade ground. The procession usually forms at one end of it, and, after marching down to La Punta, on the bay, countermarches to the martial strains of many bands. The theatres of Havana are liberally patronized during the winter. Havana is probably the only city of 250,000 inhabitants on the American continent that supports Italian and comic opera for months together and whose people are willing to pay from three dollars up for a seat. The Tacon Theatre is the home of opera, and the most magnificent public place of amusement on the island. It was built in 1837 to commemorate the governorship of Don Miguel Tacon, who was then captain-general of Cuba, and very popular. It occupies an area of 18,428 square feet; has fourteen doors and a seating capacity of 4,250 persons.

The cost of the building alone amounted to \$400,000 even in that day of low wages, and over \$20,000 have recently been expended in repairing it. It is lighted by over a thousand gas-burners; boasts of 751 shifting scenes, 605 varied sorts of arms, 13,787 costumes, 782 pieces of furniture and tools, and 200 books and MSS. of grand operas, opéras comique, tragedies, comedies, songs, and piano and military compositions. A visit to the Tacon Theatre on a gala night, when some favorite prima donna sings, is one to be remembered.

Arion the Flyer....J. M. Forbes.... New York Sun

Naturally, my first thought will be to raise fast horses. To that end I have secured the best stock I could find. I believe I possess in Arion the speediest stallion ever seen on the track. I had to pay a round sum for him, but I wanted the best, and I have it. I wish you would correct an absurd story which has been going the rounds of the papers with regard to the sale of Arion. It has been said that I paid \$150,000 for him. That is wrong. The price was \$125,000, and I couldn't get him for one cent less. It is nonsense to say that I paid a fancy price for him for the sole reason that I wanted the opportunity to claim that I had paid the highest price ever paid for a horse. That is simply ridiculous. I hope I am too sensible a business man to pay a dollar more for any article than I am obliged to pay. I didn't do it in this instance. I paid \$125,000 because I had to. It was a big price, but as the horse was such a superior animal the ordinary rules of trade could not be applied in this case. I wanted him, and Senator Stanford would not part with him for any smaller sum. My stables are very simple. I have travelled extensively and have visited stock farms in all parts of the world, but none outside of Kentucky came up to my ideal of what a stock farm should be. I believe the Kentucky breeders have discovered the secret of breeding successfully, and my farm buildings were constructed on the same principle. Simplicity of construction, cleanliness, plenty of light and air, protection from sudden changes in the weather, and bare ground to stand upon, are, I believe, the chief requisites for the successful breeding of fast horses. My stables are constructed on that plan. I am a firm believer in the intelligence of horses. If a horse is properly handled, I believe he can be made to understand and obey any com-

mand within the bounds of reason. Sight is one of the greatest factors in the education of a horse. He wants to see what is going on. For that reason I have constructed my stables so that each stall has a large window so low that my horses can look out of doors and enjoy the landscape. When the weather will permit, these windows are opened and the horses can stretch their necks out of doors and get plenty of fresh air and sunshine. At night and in stormy weather these windows are closed, but each is provided with a good-sized ventilator, which keeps the air circulating without throwing a draught upon the horses. But the most important feature of my stalls is the foundation. My horses stand on loam; they eat it; they sleep on it. Mother earth is the best specific for a horse that I know of. Give a horse plenty of light and air, plenty of exercise, plenty of the right kind of food, and plenty of clean loam to eat, and he will always be in good condition. That is the secret of the success of Kentucky-bred horses. The Blue Grass region is famous for its horses, but I firmly believe that it is the good Kentucky dirt, and not the grass, that is the secret of the success in horse-raising. There are not many who realize how much dirt a horse eats in the course of a day. Why, it is not at all an uncommon thing for a horse to eat a good-sized capful of earth in a single day. He needs it to stimulate his digestive organs just as much as a fowl needs gravel. Keep a horse away from dirt, shut him up in a stall with board foundations, and he will quickly get out of condition. My stalls are constructed on this plan. For the foundation I have a thick layer of gravel, and over that I place several inches of clean, rich loam. That is all, except occasionally a layer of straw in extremely cold weather. The gravel serves as a drain for all impurities and the loam is changed as often as the occasion seems to demand. As soon as it loses its freshness, it is removed and a new layer is spread. As a result of this system, my stalls are kept absolutely clean and sweet without the use of any disinfectants. There are no unnecessary ornamentations. Such things collect the dust and keep the air full of impurities. For that reason I have constructed my stables as simply as possible.

FADS AND FANCIES

American Snobs....M. M. Trumbull....The Open Court

As soon as peace broke out with Chili, a new excitement came to flutter the delicate nerves of Washington society. Diplomatic relations are again strained by the international complications growing out of Mrs. Leiter's ball. Snobdom is fitting out armaments, Vanity Fair is in a state of anarchy, and Congress has become so interested in the trouble as to be quite unfit for business. The telegraphic dispatches from the capital inform the triple-plated sect of shoddy that, "The echoes of the Leiter ball are the topic in all Washington drawing-rooms to the exclusion of almost every other subject. There were innovations of etiquette which opened the eyes of diplomates and officials of wide reputation, and these innovations are the one theme at six o'clock teas, cabinet receptions, and social gatherings generally." This is a startling and sudden change. Only a week ago the cabinet receptions were tainted by the odor of "villainous saltpetre," and now their "one theme" is the perfumed and embroidered etiquette of a fashionable ball. The other day, Mr. Jeames Yellowplush, the court chronicler for a morning paper, having need for some historical illustrations, spoke of "Adam and Eve, and other distinguished persons;" and he is the very same footman who sorts Mrs. Leiter's guests into different grades of quality as if they were samples of tea. Says Mr. Yellowplush: "One class was made up of those people who are of conspicuous rank, officially or socially, such as the Marquis Imperiali, the courtly chargé d'affaires of Italy; M. Pater-note, the French Minister, and daughters of several cabinet officers who are somewhat exclusive in their social surroundings. The other class was made up of those people who are known in social circles of the national capital, but who have not graduated into the most exclusive circles." Reading that, I weep for the social poverty of my country, destitute of a titled nobility, and unable to produce from its democratic and republican institutions a grandee even of the second class, or a pasha with two tails; not so much as a Marquis Imperiali. In selecting her guests for "the butterfly's ball and the grasshopper's feast," Mrs. Leiter imitated Patrick Mulqueeny, who had only two kinds of flowers in his garden,

roses and cabbages; and the cabbages in a triumphant majority. That he may be mathematically exact, the critical Mr. Yellowplush remarks: "Altogether there were eight gentlemen and eight ladies in this exclusive set." This again is very much like Mulqueeny's flower garden, which contained sixteen roses to about five hundred cabbages; a proportion accurately preserved at Mrs. Leiter's ball. Mr. Mulqueeny would not allow his roses and his cabbages to associate with one another, and he carefully established a line of demarcation between them; as Mrs. Leiter did between the cabbages and the roses at the butterfly's ball; for, says Mr. Yellowplush, "The line between these two classes at the ball was very clearly defined, as each class had the apartments of one side of the spacious residence at its entire disposal, and it was made evident at the outset that there was to be no mingling from side to side." Of course this arrangement made some confusion, which Mr. Yellowplush deploras, for he says: "Naturally this was the cause of innumerable incidents which are now the main theme of gossip." Certainly; and, sad as it is, it could not be otherwise: but the trouble might all have been avoided by inviting none but roses, or none but cabbages to the ball. Here is the most heart-rending of the "incidents:" M. Paternote—not Paternoster—M. Paternote, the French Minister, "broke through the line of demarcation" (I quote the words of Yellowplush), "and was escorting to supper a young lady who was not on the favored side, when he was unexpectedly stopped on the stairway by one of the hosts"—which one is not stated, nor are we told how many hosts there were—"who exclaimed that M. Paternote had made a mistake. It had been arranged that he should take Mme. —, a descendant of one of the imperial houses of France." Here again Mr. Yellowplush is very tantalizing, for he does not give us the lady's name, nor tell us which of the imperial houses she belonged to. No matter; M. Paternote clung to the girl he had selected; and in the courtly language of Yellowplush, "he gallantly declined to drop her on the stairway." I am sorry to say that he ungallantly did so when released by the young lady herself; and off he went with "the descendant of one of the imperial houses." If Mr. Yellowplush tells the truth in all this, as he probably does not, the whole company was composed of snobs; and the French minister who dropped the young lady

on the staircase after asking her to go to supper with him was the worst snob of them all. Since the point of etiquette that arose at the wake of Teddy Roe, where half the company got their heads broke before it could be settled, nothing has appeared so disturbing to society as the extraordinary etiquette observed at Mrs. Leiter's ball.

A Dangerous Fad....Herbert B. Tuttle....Belford's Monthly

The season of the fresh-air fiend has arrived, and he is once more abroad working the usual amount of mischief. Many good people who would scarcely think of wrapping themselves in blankets and sleeping out-of-doors have been persuaded by him to bring out-doors into their sleeping-rooms. While it may be possible for the pioneer of the West to thus blanket himself and lie down on a brush-heap beneath the stars, it by no means follows that a denizen of the city, accustomed to sitting-rooms of seventy degrees, can betake himself to his slumbers under similar conditions with an equal degree of security. The pioneer's life is spent in the open air. He is accustomed to exposure to storm and sun, and to extreme changes of temperature all day long; while the city dweller never thinks of exposing himself to sudden changes except at night, the very time when, owing to the relaxed state of the system, such exposure is the most dangerous to an unhardened constitution. Sleeping in a gentle cyclone through the winter months under the plea of fresh air seems to imply the conviction that only cold air can be pure; but in summer we often sleep in a temperature of eighty degrees or more without questioning the purity of the air. Of course temperature has nothing to do with purity. A person goes out for walk on a crisp, cold winter morning, and comes back with the glow of health on his cheek, circulation good, and with an exhilaration of spirits, all of which are perhaps attributed to the cold fresh air, whereas at least half the good effect is due to the exercise. Deriving so great a benefit from cold fresh air under one set of conditions, he concludes that cold fresh air must be a benefit under all conditions, even when sleeping, and fails to make due account of the immense difference between a brisk walk and a sound sleep. Of course this difference is tacitly implied, and the attempt is made to provide for it by piling on the blankets. Just here is where the mischievous imp unexpectedly creeps in. The skin of

the whole body is to a certain degree a breathing surface, of which the expiratory function is much greater than the inspiratory. The amount of covering which the ordinary city dweller needs as a protection against cold currents at night is sufficient to seriously obstruct the necessary exhalations from the skin, throwing increased work upon the lungs. Let us see what the actual situation of a person is, when sleeping with a window open—say one foot, to put it mildly—and with the accompanying currents of air circulating through the room. The surface exhalations of the body are obstructed by a superabundance of blankets and quilts, creating an incipient fever, which is mistaken for a healthful warmth. In the course of a few hours the coverlets become highly charged, if not saturated, with the moist exhalations of the body. This moisture, being a good conductor of heat, and meeting the cold surface of the air in the room, at once commences to reduce the temperature of the body; but the effort of nature being to keep it uniform, the discrepancy is supplied from within by an increased activity and corresponding drain on the vitality. After eight or nine hours in this condition of sleep, a person awakes with a chilly, clammy, unrefreshed feeling, and with a disposition to seek at once the warmest room in the house. Of course he is at a loss to understand why with plenty of fresh air and plenty of warm coverlets about him, his system should be so evidently below par. The explanation is simple. The surface of the skin has been debilitated by prolonged interference with its natural function. The action of the lungs has been increased, and the general feverish condition of the whole body has reacted in the depressed state of the system experienced on awaking. If we go to the other extreme we shall find that the conditions for refreshing sleep are much better complied with. The atmosphere of the sleeping-room is retained at the usual temperature of in-door life. The fire in the grate is kept burning. The throat of the chimney—which is the best of ventilators—is sufficient to carry off all impure air arising from the sleeping occupants. If the register is left open, so much the better, provided the temperature is not increased above the usual. In this situation but little, if any, addition in quantity need be made to the clothing worn through the day. The respiration of both skin and lungs retains its normal and accustomed action. In purity, the air

of the room is equal to, if not better than, that in the condition previously described. The atmosphere of the room being so much warmer than outside, the draught up the chimney-throat is increased immensely, and this in turn increases the action inward through every crack and opening of windows and doors, so that the purity of the atmosphere is really maintained through these infinitesimal openings equally well as, if not better than, by means of an open window and a cold room. As is well known, all ventilation is produced by the difference in temperature between inside and outside, the warm air rising in the chimney or other flue, and being constantly replaced by the pressure from without through the infinitesimal or other openings. It is, of course, not prohibitory that there should be a quarter or half-inch opening through one of the windows, but the advantage of having the incoming air distributed among so many small apertures is, that anything like a cold current passing about the room is impossible. A supply of five cubic feet of air per minute is sufficient for one person. A room 15 feet square, with a ceiling 10 feet high, contains 2,250 feet cubic of air. An exit of 200 cubic feet per minute, which any ordinary chimney-flue is abundantly able to accomplish, would change the air of such a room in eleven minutes. Because some who are strong prefer the nocturnal cold-air treatment, and seem to thrive under it, it does not follow that it will admit of general application as a universal benefit. Many who have been visited with sudden attacks of pneumonia might find the cause in the loss of animal heat at night, which they were unconscious of, being the while kept warm and comfortable by the heat of the body, which is constantly supplied to take the place of that which has been dissipated. But the strain under which any but the strongest constitutions labor in order to accomplish this is very great.

The Attractive Age. ...The San Francisco Chronicle

The French novelists, who profess to know more about the fair sex than anybody else, have come to a substantial agreement upon the proposition that woman is at her most attractive, and therefore most dangerous, age when she has reached thirty. They laugh to scorn the budding charms of the "jeune meess," and are equally contemptuous of the wiles of the sirens of forty or thereabouts, but pin their

faith upon the all-subjugating power of the woman of thirty. They argue that the woman of thirty is just at the right age to claim the homage of very young men, who usually find their divinity in a woman older than themselves, and are flattered at being permitted to burn incense at her shrine, while at the same time she is near enough to the confines of youth to be very enchanting to the older generation, the boys of fifty or sixty, who want a judicious mixture of the *ingénue* and the woman of the world. They do not insist upon the exact age of thirty, but declare that the age of attractiveness must fall within a margin of two or three years on either side of thirty. Like most dogmas this one is a mixture of truth and error. It is true, because a woman of thirty has outgrown the insipidity and inanity which are the usual concomitants of girlhood, and has over past the period when blushes and giggles will do duty for intelligent and brilliant repartee and rejoinder. It is true, because the good woman of thirty has lost her ignorance without surrendering her innocence, which is a consummation devoutly to be wished for in the gentle sex. But here the category ends. It is not true if men require affection rather than affectation, the ingenuous blush of the novice rather than the ingeniously compounded complexion of the veteran, the desire to be informed rather than the assumption of universal information and an accurate knowledge on every subject, good, bad, and indifferent. The woman of thirty has usually, like our first mother, eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; but too often the fruit has been but apples of Sodom in her mouth, neither pleasing nor healthful. She is attractive to young men because she allows them liberties which are innocent in themselves, but which they are apt to exaggerate, and on which the more silly among them plume themselves unwarrantably. She is attractive to old men because she permits them to indulge themselves in reminiscences and to fight their battles over again in memory and imagination. Nor should it be forgotten that the French novelists write of French women and for French men. They have no knowledge, unless by hearsay, of the brilliant, well-educated American girl of from nineteen to twenty-five, who has the freshness of youth happily mingled with the *savoir faire* of riper years; for, if they had, they surely would not award the palm of attractiveness to the woman of thirty, unless in exceptional cases.

THE SKETCH BOOK: EVERYDAY LIFE

The Last Two....M. Quad....New York World

It was within half an hour of sundown when I came to a cabin in a bit of cove high up in the Smoky Mountains, close to the North Carolina line. An old, gray-headed woman stood in front of the cabin, looking up and down the road.

"Cribbins to ye, stranger," she saluted, as I came up. "These roads dun make a-folks powerful weary sometimes."

"Cribbins" is the term used by mountaineers for "welcome"; and no matter what the poverty may be, their hospitality has no limit.

"I can't dun foresee what the ole man has met up with," she said, as I got rid of my knapsack and sat down on a log near her.

"Gone to town?" I asked.

"Shore, but it's past time war' back. Never did see how worried I've bin this day."

We were talking away when we suddenly caught sight of a mule down the road. The animal was walking and it looked as if the man on her back was partly lying down. She went away at a run and I followed, and two minutes later she was wringing her hands and crying. The burden borne by the mule was a man over sixty years old, his hair snow-white and his face full of wrinkles, and he was lying forward with his arms clasped around the animal's neck. There was blood on the saddle-flaps, on the old man's garments, a trail of blood running back along the rocky road. The old man held on to a rifle and he had not lost consciousness.

"I—I wiped him!" he whispered, as I held him up in the saddle. "He's—he's lyin' down thar!"

I didn't know what he meant and didn't wait for explanations. We got him to the cabin and upon a bed as soon as possible, and when we had stripped off his clothing we saw a bullet-hole in his side. He had lost a great deal of blood and fainted away as we carried him in. As the wife washed the wound I poured whiskey down the old man's throat, and after awhile he revived. He looked at me for a moment and then queried of his wife, "Who's him, Jen?"

"Him's a stranger who's stopped to crib," she explained. "O daddy, how did it all come about?"

"He rid out on me, and we both fired to once. Him's whipped out! Him's lying stone dead up at the big turn!"

"Will he die, stranger?" she asked of me.

She knew he must, and he realized it also. We made him as comfortable as we could, checked the flow of blood to some extent, and as he sank into a sort of stupor I asked:

"Who shot him, and who has he wiped out?"

"The old man Buck," she replied. "We've bin fussin' with the Bucks ever since the wah. Fust, my son Dan'l him shot a Buck. Then a Buck shot him. Then Bill went—then Tom—then Pete, but fur every one of them a Buck had to go, too. They had one the most. I shot him myself right down thar whar the branch crosses the road."

"It was a family feud, then!"

"I reckon you might call it so."

"And at last only your husband was left of your family?"

"Only him, and Buck—he was old and feeble, too."

"And these old men met to-day and continued the quarrel?"

Before she had time to reply the old man sat up in bed, looked around with wild eyes and hoarsely shouted:

"He rid out at me, Jen, and we both fired, and him is a-lyin'——"

He fell back, gasped once or twice, and was dead. As the poor old wife rocked and moaned and uttered brief prayers, I saw the ghastly pallor creep over his face and set its seal on every line. And though I could not see it through the distance and the darkness, I knew that at the Big Turn, half a mile below, the corpse of another old man lay on its back, with eyes wide open and staring at the bright stars set in the canopy of heaven.

It was the last of a feud which had known no mercy for young man or old.

He Had to Express His Joy....New York Tribune

Old Pete had been one of the best slaves ever owned in the State of Louisiana. He had lived through two generations of the planter's family, and in the third was so old that no one ventured to say how old he was, although other slaves when asked would say, "He mus' be oveh a hunder."

He had been a good servant, and in his declining years received the care which faithful slaves in those days got from generous and kind-hearted masters. He had his own cabin,

and special rations were allowed to him. Among other favors which he enjoyed was that of taking three drinks of whiskey every day. Three times each day the old man tottered over to the rations store to get his drinks. Rain or shine, he never failed, for he dearly loved those drinks.

When he picked up his glass his knuckled hand shook so that the whiskey was fain to leap from the glass to the floor. Old Pete would raise it slowly, look at it fondly, and then let it slip down his throat. He would close his eyes, while his puckered and shrivelled face went through most wonderful contortions. But the end of his enjoyment was a sight to behold. He would lower his chin, while his frame quivered and trembled in its dry skin until his bones rattled, and then a mingled smack and long-drawn "A-a-h" would come through his thin lips.

Once his owner said to him that if he would omit the wry face, the shiver, the smack, and the "ah" he should have another glass of whiskey. Pete said he would try it. He had not the courage to look at the mellow liquid this time, but emptied the glass into his mouth with a single motion. Then came the struggle. He shook like a wind-beaten reed, but kept his face firmly set. His teeth were clenched, and he was the picture of an old man, resolute and heroic.

"Courage, Peter," said the planter.

But the sigh of delight conquered him. It slipped between his hard-closed teeth, and came out in a long tremor.

"Th' Lawd bress me, mas'r," he gasped, "I c'u'dn' do et. Et was too good. I hed t' 'spress my joy."

A California Episode....William Roberts....Fortnightly Review

An old farmer and his wife were recently murdered under very brutal circumstances in Napa Valley. The man who committed the murder was a Swede named Olsen, and he at once disappeared. Every effort was made to find him, and large rewards were offered for him, either dead or alive. He was heard of, or supposed to be heard of, at all sorts of places, but when hunted up, he had either disappeared again, or it turned out to be the wrong man. His escape was the more remarkable, as he was a marked man, having a large scar on his face.

Some weeks after the murder, a man was hunting for strayed cattle in the mountains and he came upon a small

clearing. A cabin had been built and some land cleared, and the owner was splitting wood in front of his door. The hunter accosted him and was invited to enter and have some breakfast, which he did. He then noticed that his host was a man of a somewhat peculiar appearance, and that he had a large scar on his face; so after breakfast he abandoned his hunting and his cattle and rode home with all possible speed. There he gathered some of his friends to aid him in the capture of this desperate criminal, and to share with him the blood-money. They armed themselves, mounted their horses, and started for the scene of their enterprise. When they arrived at some distance from the cabin, they dismounted, tied their horses, and then forming a wide ring, they stalked their prey, dodging from tree to tree, till they held him in a small circle guarded on every side. No escape was possible this time, the brutal murderer was trapped at last, and his gallant captors could almost count the price they were to receive. There he was, still in front of his cabin, sitting beside the pile of wood he had chopped, resting from his labors, his axe lying beside him, little thinking what was awaiting him. Yes, there was the very tell-tale scar on his face, there could be no mistake this time, and the reward was as good as won.

All of a sudden he hears that terrible western cry, "Throw up your hands," ring out from one of the trees a few yards from him. No, he is not going to surrender—he makes a bound for his axe to defend himself from his unseen foe, and the next instant falls, pierced by a volley from the rifles of his captors. Well, it is all over now, the murder is avenged at last, and the murderer lies weltering in his blood, his white, upturned face still showing the fatal scar. And now they prepare to carry down the body to the authorities and claim the reward, but first they have a good look round the place to examine the den of the wild beast they have just exterminated. Well, there is the clearing he has made, and the wood he has cut, and there the cabin he has built, and there is something written up over the cabin door. What is it? They examine it, and a very strange sign they find it for a murderer to have written up above his abode: "Here the weary shall find rest." But probably even murderers need rest after they have been hunted all over the country, and has he not got the scar on his face? But still the captors have an uneasy feeling, and the blood-money does not seem

quite so certain as it was. They start for home, and the body is brought down to be identified. The sheriff of Napa, or some one who knows the veritable Olsen, is sent for, and then it turns out that, despite the scar on his cheek, he is not the man they wanted. And they had no difficulty in finding out who it was they had murdered for the price of his blood. He was a poor, harmless fellow, who had started fairly well off, but had been worsted all through in the battle of life, and, at last, beaten and weary of the fight, forsaken by his friends and even by his wife, he had retired into this remote spot in the wilderness, where, alone and unfriended, he hoped that the weary would find rest, and here at last he found it, the rest that knows no waking.

His Inspiration....The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette

"Horrors, what an obscure hand you write!" said the editor to the new space-writer as he turned in a bit of poetry.

"Oh, it's plain enough," interjected the poet hastily. "The rhymes and the metre will help the compositor out, and there'll not be the least bit of trouble if they follow copy."

And the copy went hustling up to the composing-room.

* * * * *

"Sa-ay, what dod-gasted chump's been sendin' in his Chinese laundry bill for copy?" wildly yelled out Slug 10, wiping a sudden burst of perspiration from his forehead and glaring at his last "take." "I can't make head or tail out of this thing!"

"Well, Chinese or no Chinese," cried the hurrying foreman, "make whatever you can out of it and snag it up in mighty short order, for we're late now."

And the type fairly jumped from the case into the stick.

* * * * *

"Good Cæsar!" gasped the proof-reader, clutching at his brow. "Are my eyes failing, or is this a premonition of nervous prostration?" Then he rubbed his eyes and stared. "By the gods! either I've got the blind staggers or Slug 10's on a royal toot!"

At that instant a scream came down the spout: "Rush that proof along, for heaven's sake! We're late!"

The proof-reader groaned, galloped down the column, hesitated and then desperately thrust the slip into the tube, huskily murmuring, "I compared it with the copy, and that's as near as I can get to Hebrew these days."

* * * * *

That night the new space-writer hurriedly wrapped up and addressed a copy of the issue, without a glance, and dropped it into the mail with this brief note:

My Onliest Sweet and Dearest Marie: I send you a number of the Sunday supplement containing my little poem. Your face was an ever-present inspiration to me when I wrote, and happy thoughts of you inspired every sentence. Here you will find expressed what I have ever felt toward you, but have hardly dared to voice before. Till death, etc.

Miss Marie Cortlandt van Clifton glanced through the tender note, blushed with pleasure, and, hurriedly opening the paper, read:

TO MARIE.

When the breeze from the blue-bottle's blustering bliss
Twirls the toads in a tooroomaloo,
And the whiskery whinc of the wheedlesome whim
Drowns the roll of the rattattatoo,
Then I dream in the shade of the shally-go-shee,
And the voice of the ballymolay
Bring the smell of stale poppy-cods blummed in blue
From the willy-wad over the day.

Ah, the shuddering shoo and the blinketty-blanks
When the punlung falls from the bough
In the blast of a hurricane's hicketty-hanks
On the hills of the hocketty-how!
Give the rigamarole to the clangery wang,
If they care for such fiddlededee;
But the thingumbob kiss of the whangery-bang
Keeps the higgledy-piggle for me.

L'ENVOI.

It is pilly-po-doddle and aligobung
When the lolly-pop covers the ground;
Yet the poldiddle perishes punkety-pung
When the heart jimmy coggles around.
If the soul cannot snoop at the gigglesome care,
Seeking surcease in gluggety-glug,
It is useless to say to the pulsating heart,
'Panky-doodle ker-chuggety-chug!'

And the new space-writer and Miss Marie Cortlandt van Clifton are not now engaged

SOCIETY VERSE

A Valentine of Violets....Robert Bridges....Harper's Magazine

*Good Saint Valentine, I pray,
While around this town you stray,
You will keep your eyes alert
For a maid who loves to flirt.*

If among the hurrying crowd—
Beauties fair and beauties proud—
You should see one like a queen,
Eyes of blue, with golden sheen
In her hair that's flecked with brown,
And a grace about her gown,
That's Diana!

Catch her eye
As she's gayly tripping by;
Say you know a sorry wight,
Slow of speech and slow to write,
Who would tell her through these flowers
That her eyes are bright as stars
In the blue; that her speech
Haunts his memr'y (out of reach
Like their perfume faint but fine);
That her laugh is like rare wine.
As you leave her, touch her lips;
Say that men are like old ships,
Easy towed, but hard to steer;
Then just whisper in her ear,
"Lovers change, but friends are true
Like these violets." Then, "Adieu."

*This, Saint Valentine, I pray,
On the morning of that day,
When you keep your eyes alert
For all maids who love to flirt.*

A Love Missive....George Douglas....The Academy

O beauty, kindness, purity,
Are Woman's noblest dower;
Rose-sweet, and even so fair, is she—
Heav'n's star, earth's loveliest flower!

But though no share in these you claim—
 You, who my heart possess—
 I vow to love you all the same,
 And love you none the less.
 For I will love for love's sweet sake,
 That can this world transform—
 A garden in the desert make,
 A stillness 'midst the storm;
 That, with one touch, old bonds can break,
 And for old wrongs atone;
 Then let me love for love's sweet sake,
 And love's sweet sake alone!

Love's Coming....Marie Janreau....Boston Transcript

Love came to me, with weary eyes,
 And begged me let him stay
 Within my heart a little space
 To rest him on his way.

His little wings were drooping so
 That, out of pity sore
 For them and his sleep-burdened lids,
 I opened wide the door.

Ah me! I would I had refused,
 Nor let him in my heart;
 For now my life is raked with woe
 For fear he will depart.

To Three Adored....William Barclay Dunham....New York Sun

Marie, have you forgotten yet
 The summer days of long ago?
 The shady lane, where first we met?
 The tiny brook's loquacious flow?
 I spoke; you answered, half afraid,
 And then, and then exquisite bliss,
 As hand in hand we onward strayed,
 I boldly stole a little kiss!

Louise, have you forgotten yet
 How sweetly once you used to sing?
 The sun of those dear days is set,
 And love has fled on vanished wing.
 Still "wondrous is the power I feel!"
 Rings sadly, faintly in my ears;

And, lo! a moment now I steal
From memory of the bygone years.
Susanne, have you forgotten yet
How quick the evening hours would fly?
No, loved one, you will ne'er forget
The clasped hands, the tender sigh;
And when the time for parting came,
How deep, we thought, our mutual woe.
Then looks more fraught with love became
Than words; but that was long ago.
Marie has gone, I know not where,
Louise, my dear Louise is wed.
Susanne is still both young and fair,
But all her love for me is dead.
Farewell Susanne! good-by Marie!
Louise, our sun of youth is set!
The past lives only now in me,
And I alone will ne'er forget.

My Lady's Looking-Glass....George Percy Taggart....Pittsburg Leader

My lady has a looking glass—a pretty little thing
All hung with dainty ribbon and bedight with silken string,
That rests upon her table in a fluffy nest of lace,
And, apathetic, mirrors back the fairness of her face.
Ah, lucky glass, it puzzles me how you can seem to be
So cool and unresponsive when she stops so oft to see.
The radiant reflection that you show her, sweet and true,
And the witching blushes mantle as she bends to smile at you!
Yes, and I've always marvelled that a lady fair can be
So sweetly unaffected and so modest, too, as she;
For surely none will blame her on the score of vanity,
While yet there is a looking-glass, and she has eyes to see.

The Little Lass in Pink....Samuel Minturn Peck....Harper's Bazar

A peerless pearl of beauty,
A jewel of romance!
Who would not ride in tourney
To gain her winsome glance?
Who would not be a minstrel,
The golden rhymes to link,
And sing her praise in merry lays—
The little lass in pink?

So tiny are her glovelets,
 So dainty are her shoon,
 I trow the pixies wrought them
 Beneath the midnight moon;
 And o'er the elfin stitches
 They sang, with many a wink,
 "We twine a twist, that none resist
 The little lass in pink."
 She hath a witching dimple;
 Now was it not a sin
 That when the fairies crowned her
 They put that dimple in!
 The heartaches it hath given
 It grieves my soul to think;
 She hath no care how lovers fare—
 The little lass in pink.
 Her smile is like a dew-drop
 That glistens in the morn.
 Her frown—no eye hath seen it;
 She never looks in scorn.
 Her footsteps fall like rose leaves
 Beside the fountain's brink.
 The gallants sigh as she goes by—
 The little lass in pink.
 After the revel's over,
 When stars grow dim above,
 And slumber's drowsy fingers
 Have kissed the eyes we love,
 Ho! gallant cavaliers,
 Your parting beakers clink:
 "May time tread light and never blight
 The little lass in pink!"

His Query....Harvard Lampoon

Rose kissed me to-day,
 Who will kiss her to-morrow?
 That's always the way—
 When she kisses to-day,
 I ask with dismay,
 Not unmixed with sorrow:
 Rose kissed me to-day,
 Who will kiss her to-morrow?

LITERARY COMMENT

A Year's Literary Production....Hamilton W. Mabie....The Forum

The first and most obvious conclusion forced upon one who looks at the books of the year as a whole is that the readers of good books are increasing, and that literary skill and the faculty of literary expression are far more widely diffused than formerly. There are more people to read good books every year, and there are more people to write them. This statement is limited, it must be noted, to good books—books wholesome, intelligent, and of sound form. Great books are rare at any time, and are at this moment rarer than they have been at other periods in the century. An art like literature, which is as broad in its interests and as deep in its impulses as humanity itself, has a continuity of development which can be understood only when one puts a century in place of a year and a completed epoch of history in place of an episode or an incident. The fact that a year, taken by itself, is rich or meagre in the production of great books is relatively unimportant. It indicates little one way or the other so far as the deeper interests of literature are concerned. Art is serenely indifferent to our artificial divisions of time. Great books come when least expected and from sources least promising. While all eyes are fastened on London or Oxford, the great book is printed at Kilmarnock. Mr. James has commented on the poverty, for purposes of culture, of Hawthorne's situation—"poor with a poverty that one almost hesitates to look into." And yet out of these narrow conditions came the most delicate and original literary gift which has yet borne fruit on this side the Atlantic. Literary history would have justified the prediction that the struggle which laid bare the foundations of our social and political life a quarter of a century ago would liberate a great force of imagination; but, so far, poetry in the great sense has not crossed our path since the struggle ended. There is great contemporary delight in the days when Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot and Tennyson and Browning are writing the books of the year; but that they have gone silent and that no near kin of theirs take their place in any particular year does not mean that the race is extinct. The race whose special mark is genius is not exempt from the operation of

the tidal law of ebb and flow. Like all rare and great human qualities, genius must have periods of silence and repose. One can only note its presence or its absence; why it is present or absent is a question which has never been answered.

The Perils of Realism....National Observer

M. Zola is very angry. He knows—none better—that his intentions are strictly honorable, and he will not let himself be taken to task for debauching the public mind. It is all a mistake, he says; he has written thirty volumes, and in all these thirty volumes there are not a hundred pages that cannot be read by everybody. Be this as it may, it is certain that everybody reads these hundred pages, and that some few there must be who misread the rest of the thirty volumes. As we know, it is their general tendency to blunt and stale the moral sense; for M. Zola, with that lyrical temperament of his, has suffered from the first under the obsession of certain elementary facts in the physical life of man, to which facts he has been compelled to give the strongest literary expression he could achieve. Thirty volumes of such expression have but to be sold by the hundred thousand copies to induce in the public that reads a moral obtuseness—a brutalization, so to speak, of the spiritual element—not all unlike to that of the man that writes; and of this there are symptoms enough and to spare in the Paris of to-day. But there is a point, it would seem, at which the public has to stop; it gets sick and tired of depravity, it finds that the grosser forms of materialism do not pay, and—unless the crisis be supreme, as the Terror was, for instance—it leaves off sack, and takes to living cleanly; wherein it is more fortunate than the individual, who generally goes from bad to worse until he “falls a victim to the violence of his own contending passions,” like Brian de Bois-Guilbert or unhappy M. de Maupassant. Signs are not wanting that a certain section of French society has reached this stage, and that decency will presently be as good form in Paris as it is beginning not to be in London. For which reason the ingenious De Chirac may be said to have come too late. To this sweet youth, an ex-clerk apparently, it occurred that, inasmuch as M. Zola had but to write of certain acts and deeds to make a fortune, the man that would put those acts and deeds upon the stage was certain of a fortune too. To which end he set up a theatre; knowing

that "realistic"—filthy, and that no good "realist" has ever recognized the existence in "realism" of anything that is not disgusting and obscene—he called his establishment "Théâtre Réaliste"; he procured the services of two elderly ladies as ingenuous (let us call it) as himself; he opened his door to a select audience; he went on to "realize" reality; and he and his comrades were hissed off the boards for their pains. More; he was pulled up—of course he called himself an artist and described his feats as art—for an outrage on public decency, and sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment; to the joy of the Parisian press and the unfeigned regret, no doubt, of good Zolaphytes innumerable not privileged to witness his efforts in the cause of art. Just now there is a kind of reaction in his favor. M. Zola—though, says a correspondent of The St. James's Gazette, "as a champion of decency he was bound to approve of the prosecution"—considers De Chirac a scapegoat, and "thinks the punishment excessive"; while in other quarters it is agreed that De Chirac was but an instrument, and that the real authors of this very curious attempt to regenerate the drama have gone scot-free. All the same, the prosecution fits in well enough with certain facts of the same sort to add a certain plausibility to the argument that Paris will very soon be capable of general decency. No doubt such essays as De Chirac's are not new; for had not the regent a charming little playhouse of his own; and did not Collé and the rest write "realistic" pieces for its stage? But at least the performances were private, at least the audiences were of intimates all compact, at least there was no methodism, no cant about art, about either one or the other. Now, De Chirac's performances were public; you paid at the doors, and what you witnessed was an experiment in drama. The regent and his friends amused themselves; they gave themselves out for no better than they were—a set, that is, of *polissons polissonnant en polissonnerie*; they took no money at the doors, and they scandalized none but themselves; in all which particulars they differed absolutely from De Chirac and his fellow-artists; whose object, though no doubt the elevation of the drama was a part of it, was chiefly, it would seem, to bring in the Zolaphyte and make themselves a little coin—enough, as De Chirac observed, "to cover expenses," which, to judge by what he paid his fellow-performers, cannot have been great. It is

noted by the same correspondent that this De Chirac business has altogether changed the tone of those that were clamoring, even at the moment of its coming on, for the abolition of the censorship. That consummation achieved, a man might produce the thing he would; whereby, it is plain, the arts of acting and drama would benefit exceedingly, at the same time that the last vestige of an ignorant and brutal despotism would be removed from the pure, free air of an enlightened republic. But De Chirac was his own dramatic censor; and that was what got him into trouble. He asked no leave—he took it, and he is in jail; and the “realistically” given now see that, with every man his own De Chirac—with none to license, but with the police to approve or disapprove the results of self-licensing—it is probably as well to leave things as they are. To elevate the drama realistically is an enchanting thought; but fifteen months’ imprisonment for yourself, with lighter terms for your accomplices—that is another affair; and indeed it is probably as well that the age of martyrdom has passed.

The Comforts of Literature....Thomas W. Higginson....Christian Union

If literature is really, as John Morley said at the Royal Academy banquet, “the happiest of all callings and the most imperishable of all arts,” its pursuit is in itself a comfort so extreme that it is making an immoderate claim on the universe if we demand all luxuries besides. The painter, the sculptor, choose their art, not because they expect to make by it a larger income than that of the man who devours railroads and says grace after the meal, but because they love it and would be sorry to give it up for the care of a great estate and the monotonous industry of cutting coupons. Stuart the painter told Josiah Quincy that his grocer could at any time make more out of a cargo of molasses than he by painting for a whole year; but he did not therefore abandon painting. We know by the correspondence of Michael Angelo, preserved in the British Museum, that when he was at work on his colossal bronze statue of Pope Julius II. he lived in such economy that he could not have his younger brother Giovansimone to come and visit him at Bologna, because he had in his humble dwelling only one bed, in which he and three of his assistants slept together; but he did not make that a reason for abandoning sculpture. If the paths

of literature and science and art were identical with the path of wealth, there would be in a republic no counterpoise to wealth. As it is, society finds in these things that equilibrium which older societies vainly seek to obtain by hereditary aristocracy. They seek it vainly, because the aristocracies of wealth and of birth perpetually tend to fuse and mingle; they play into each other's hands; they bribe each other, they become one. It is only the higher paths of intellect which remain naturally and permanently free. This freedom is therefore the prime comfort and vindication of intellect. "He despises me," said Ben Jonson, "because I live in an alley. Tell him his soul lives in an alley." Beside the perpetual petty manœuvres of politics and the tricks of trade, how simple, how noble, is, or should be, the life of the scholar! "The artist," said Goethe—including always the writer under that name—"is the only man who lives with unconcealed aims." It was in this same spirit also that Goethe wrote to Schiller, speaking of a personal attack—"How little this kind of people can even dream in what an inaccessible castle that man dwells who is always in earnest in regard to himself and everything around him!" But in thus urging the satisfactions of the literary life, I mean no reproach to any other; least of all do I grudge wealth to those who have, in the phrase of Prof. Louis Agassiz, "the time to make money."

The Gamut of Humor....A. Conan Doyle....The Speaker

What is one man's treat is another man's poison. Every one has his own conception of humor, and neither by prayer, argument, nor menace is he to be budged from it. You may convert your neighbor in religion, you may persuade him in politics, you may bend and twist him in every opinion that he has got, but you never yet succeeded in making him see any merit in a joke if his own unaided wits did not detect and appreciate it. Humor-blindness of the mind is like color-blindness of the eye. Nine very genuine forms of humor may be clearly seen, and the tenth, equally genuine, ignored, as the victim of Daltonism may respond to every other color, but be absolutely blind to green. The green-blind folk are only three per cent, and the rest have a complete range. In the other case I believe the proportions are reversed. And then the self-sufficiency of the humor-blind mind! On all else he may be diffident, but on this no shade of doubt ever

crosses his mind. What is not humorous to him is **not** humor. All the world may be laughing around him, but that only proves that all the world are foolish. The more they laugh, the more foolish they prove themselves, and the more he hugs his own gravity to his soul. He is proud of his own defect, like the folk in the South American goitre village who derided the travellers who had no goitre. I should like to arrange a gamut of humor, and test appreciation as one tests a singer's voice. My range would include, we will say, twenty distinct types, and the man who could relish them all would have gained the right to call himself a catholic critic. At one end I should commence with the finer forms of wit, and work onward to the most robust kinds of humor. Meredith's Adrian Harley should be my starting-point, and such a writer as Artemus Ward or the Danbury News Man my final one. Between these extremes the order might run—Holmes, Barrie, Stevenson, Lamb, Thackeray, Anstey from one end, and Bret Harte, Dickens, Burnand, Jerome, and Mark Twain at the other. There are so many good names that there would be a difficulty about the middle ones. But when the list was completed, it would really become something in the nature of an exact scientific test. The man who appreciated the first ten, we will say—who preferred the wits to the humorists—would have his little sneer at his brother in blindness who was tickled by the last ten and could see nothing in the others; but the minority who enjoyed the complete twenty would hold the scales between them. A critic would be a number seven man or a number nine man, according to his limitations. But I am afraid we should need decimals to express the position of some critics whose work I have read. English writers are more witty than humorous; Americans more humorous than witty. You smile with the one, and you laugh with the other. What a rare thing it has been since Dickens' time to get a hearty laugh out of an English book—to have to stop reading and laugh your fill. There is plenty of fun, delicate, smile-provoking, charming, but never pushed quite to the laughing point. Mr. Burnand and Mr. Jerome are the only two writers I know on this side who may be relied upon for a really hearty laugh—a helpless, soul-satisfying laugh. There are two books which have done incalculable good—*Happy Thoughts* and *Three Men in a Boat*. They are simply tonics in a cover circulating about through the

English-speaking world—cheering up the depressed, changing the thoughts of the tired man, consoling the mourner. Of course, all good books do these things; but the two I mean more than most because they are so essentially cheery. Could we focus to a point all the benefit which comes from such works, their effect upon the sick, the weary, and the watchers, we would understand more clearly that the humorist is the philanthropist of literature. I have a case in my mind as I write. Two years ago a dear sister fell a victim to influenza in Lisbon, and her two younger sisters who had nursed her were left after her death tired out with watching and anxiety, and yet with their nerves so over-stretched that they could not take the rest which would restore them. I sent them *Three Men in a Boat*, and I had reason to bless the thought which made me do so. So it happened to me, and doubtless it has happened to many, and with many books; but when we think of it, we cannot but realize that humor is a very tender and precious thing, not to be sneered and snorted at by the number ten man or the number eleven man because his brain is cramped in one direction, but rather to be encouraged to assume every novel shape which can adapt it to the infinite variety of the human mind.

The Short Story....The Atlantic Monthly

American writers, less greedy than Lord Bacon, have taken the short story for their province. Patriotism, to be sure, compels us to blow our national trumpet in many different directions; but in this matter patriotism may be left where Lady Teazle desired to leave honor, and we may rest on our own signal merit, without any flourish of trumpets. The French have brought the *conte* to the great perfection of M. Guy de Maupassant, not to speak of writers who are dead, and to the lesser perfections of many lesser men; England has Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Stevenson, and Mr. Kipling; and translations from time to time apprise persons who read English and French only that other literatures, the Slavonic in particular, have a delicate art of their own in the short story. But there is no sign that the art is anywhere so rich, so varied, or so fresh as it is with us. In England it has been and remains foreign and sporadic; in America it is the most vital as well as the most distinctive part of literature. In fact, it flourishes so amply that this very prosperity nulli-

fies most of the apologies for the American novel. Perhaps the answer more often made than any other to attacks upon that department of fiction is, that life in the United States is poor in variety, and especially in the contrast of classes which is frequently the only means of existence for an English novel. Hence, it is said, the cis-Atlantic novelist takes refuge in the Tennessee mountains, or in the international episode, or in creole days of long ago, and leaves the average of here and now to Mr. Howells and a few other hardy spirits. But the American short story, however episodic by nature, needs no other nation to assist its episode. Nor does it need the mountains of Tennessee or the creole past, although it scorns none of these adventitious helps to interest. It appears to have become, in truth, the national mode of utterance in the things of the imagination, and, taking its own wherever it finds it, the short story has become more and more variously expressive. The number of volumes of tales from the press during the past year exceeds the number that have been issued during the same period at any other time.

Books as Anemometers....N. Y. Commercial Advertiser

It is the general impression, and a natural one, that the instruction to be derived from books is to be had only through the perusal of their contents. But it would seem that just as the reindeer furnishes food and raiment, and meets many other of the simple wants of the Laplander, so not alone the inside of printed volumes, but the outside as well, gives instruction where the eye knows how to find it. A recent writer in the *Saturday Review* has found instruction as well as entertainment from the study of the titles of the recent additions to the library of the British Museum as given in Mr. Fortescue's *New Index Catalogue*, and by comparing the number of books on certain themes received during the first and last half of the decade 1880-1890. It is at the first blush a little surprising, though on second thought far from wonderful, how exactly the mere titles and subjects of books, when viewed in mass, indicate the strength as well as the trend of popular thought. Straws do not better indicate the direction and force of the wind. For example, during the first half of the decade there were published on the subjects of Irish politics one hundred and forty-three works, while during the last half the number has risen to two hundred and

four. And just as these figures measure the rise of interest in the question during the five years ending with 1890, so the falling off in that interest due to the quieting down of matters in Ireland during the last year or two is registered in the decreasing number of books for that period. This catalogue of Mr. Fortescue very naturally shows with how much and with what increasing interest questions of capital and labor occupy the public mind. In the first half of the decade in question two hundred and nine books were published on these vital themes. In the last half, this imposing aggregate rose to two hundred and sixty-two. And during the same period the number of works on co-operation advanced from thirteen to eighty-eight. The phrases of the Saturday Review are so happy touching the output of argument on two other questions that we venture to quote in full:

Women—including female suffrage—and temperance are, it is needless to say, largely represented. In one hundred and forty-nine books we are lectured on the crime and folly of treating women as objects of consideration and respect, instead of as rival strugglers in the hurly-burly of life, and we are adjured in the shrillest of accents to give freedom to the free and to reduce the captors to the level of the captured. The exponents of these views expressed them in only one hundred and seven books during our first period, but *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, and at present their numbers show a promise of increasing by geometrical progression. The advocates of temperance, or rather teetotalism, have been equally busy with their pens, and have found it necessary to defend their theory in two hundred and eleven books. This is an increase of fifty-six on the period from 1880 to 1885, and it makes one shudder to think of the amount of repetition which must be practised in order to fill so many volumes on a subject with so plain an issue.

The buzz that such subjects have been making in this country will have prepared us to learn that of books on the general theme of occultism—including alchemy, astrology, esoteric Buddhism, spiritualism, and theosophy—the number has swelled to one hundred and fifty-five since 1885, as against one hundred and eleven in the earlier period. The consolation that one finds in the falling off in the output on spiritualism is lost in the fact that works on esoteric Buddhism have risen from one to nine, and those on theosophy from three to thirty-eight. But even here we can hardly fail to feel a

certain wondering pride in our species, seeing that it can turn out whole books and so many of them on themes of so exceedingly shadowy a nature. Within reason nobody cares how many people have the leisure and inclination to indite tomes on esoteric Buddhism. It is doubtless comfort to their authors to write them, and no one, happily, need read them. But that eighty-eight works on the French army have been brought out within the last five years of the past decade, and eighty-five on the Franco-Prussian war, has a sound that seems to contain the ring of sinister prophecy.

Genius and Geography....Edgar Fawcett....The Independent

We are too apt to dignify an author with importance borrowed from his geographical freshness only. Do we not forget that this freshness, as it is called, may sometimes not merely accompany flagrant faults, but make them unwholesomely palatable as well? Can any one deny that this has resulted in the case of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, to whose extraordinary Indian tales such great celebrity has of late linked itself? Of course the excessive cleverness of this writer has caused him to clothe very effectively in oriental color the plotlets and episodes with which he deals. But if these had been invested with an English color solely, is it probable that the success of Mr. Kipling would have reached its present height? This question has doubtless been asked by many readers already, and it is now far from being asked in an invidious vein. The answer of the confirmed Kiplingite (for we presuppose that there are confirmed Kiplingites just as there are confirmed Browningites and Ibsenites) would be that to part the young story-teller's style from his subject were like parting skin from flesh. Doubtless this comment would be quite true, and yet the stubborn sceptic cannot help insisting that all those queer foreign codes and ceremonies and prejudices, all that strange "opportunity" in the way of new landscape and new general environment, acted as a propulsive force that pushed Mr. Kipling into immediate popular favor. The chief point of consideration in all such cases of sudden literary acceptance is whether the flame and glow it has engendered will last with any sort of durability—whether, to use a bit of our American vernacular, it has "come to stay." It surely has come and stayed a good while in the case of Mr. Bret Harte, though here there was not only geo-

graphical novelty; there was a lambent, brooding and pervasive humor; and humor, unless it be factitious and gymnastic, is nearly always sure to hold the quality of permanence. Unless I err, it was Mr. Henry James, in one of his rich critical essays, who declared that mere interest in story *per se*, in how things dovetail for a series of chapters, and finally "turn out," is an impulse of curiosity alone, and does not at all concern that more noteworthy treatment of human character, disposition, temperament, which we name, when manifested with striking power, the finest literature of a race. Other things are literature as well; but mere "geography," in the sense of hunting up lands that have not been "done," or have not recently been "done," can never receive such descriptive care and adornment that it will take its place among the shining masterpieces of any time.

Children's Poets....Agnes Repplier....Atlantic Monthly

It has been often demonstrated, and as often forgotten, that children do not need to have poetry written down to their intellectual level, and do not love to see the stately muse ostentatiously bending to their ear. In the matter of prose, it seems necessary for them to have a literature of their own, over which they linger willingly for a little while, as though in the sunny antechamber of a king. But in the golden palace of the poets there is no period of probation, there is no enforced attendance upon petty things. The clear-eyed children go straight to the heart of the mystery, and recognize in the music of words, in the enduring charm of metrical quality, an element of never-ending delight. When to this simple sensuous pleasure is added the enchantment of poetic images, lovely and veiled and dimly understood, then the delight grows sweeter and keener and one life-long source of happiness is gained. There is no poet dearer to the young than Tennyson, and it should not be the least of his joys to know that all over the English-speaking world children are tuning their hearts to the music of his lines, are dreaming vaguely and rapturously over the beauty he has revealed. Therefore the insult seems greater and more wanton when this beloved idol of our nurseries deliberately offers to his eager audience such anxiously babyish verses as those about Minnie and Winnie, and the little city maiden who goes straying among the flowers. Is there in

Christendom a child who wants to be told by the greatest of living poets that

"Minnie and Winnie
Slept in a shell;"

that the shell was pink within and silver without; and that

"Sounds of the great sea
Wandered about.

"Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell.

"What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?"

It is not in these tones that poetry speaks to the childish soul, though it is too often in this fashion that the poet strives to adjust himself to what he thinks is the childish standard. He lowers his sublime head from the stars, and pipes with painstaking flatness on a little reed, while the children wander far away, and listen breathlessly to older and dreamier strains.

The Literary Ghost

Walter Besant treats of various forms of literary collaboration in the *New Review* for February, and introduces us to a name, if not a personage, which will be new to many:

A lower kind of collaboration is when a man works for another—hunts up facts for him, consults Blue Books for him, finds out cases and precedents, gets up the scientific diagnoses of mental or bodily diseases, traces genealogies, clears away legal difficulties, copies MSS., and so forth. Such a man is not a partner—he is a secretary, or a stage manager; all he contributes to the play is the mounting. Nor need we consider the ghost, who is becoming quite an institution in these days. In confidential talks with persons "down below," in the lower walks of literature, one lights upon the ghost in a very surprising manner. The ghost himself, to keep up the pretence, calls it conducting research or making notes. Sometimes he keeps absolute silence on the subject. In reality he does the whole work, and his employer puts his name to it. One such employer—one such ghost—I heard of the other day. The ghost was a young lady, clever and unknown. She conducted the research for her employer and gave him her "notes," which subsequently appeared in a magazine just as she had sent them in, with his name and no other alteration or addition at all; and a very creditable piece of work it was. Ambition tempts men to fall into the abyss of engaging the services of the ghost. Poverty tempts other men—and women—to enact this spectral part.

CURRENT VERSE

Sunrise in an Alabama Canebrake....Zitella Cocke....Belford's Magazine

The lordly sun, rising from underworld,
Shoots yellow beams aslant the tangled brake;
Magnolia, with her mirror leaves unfurled,
Hath caught the glancing radiances that make
Bright aureoles around her virgin bloom—

A pale madonna, 'neath her hood of green,
With unprofaned cheek and brow serene;
The pines upon the uplands merge from gloom
Of night, and with the dawn's intenser glow
Their serried lances bright and brighter grow!

The conquering light ever ascending higher
Fills Alabama's stream with molten fire;
A myriad rays pierce down the wooded slopes
Till forest vistas form kaleidoscopes!

The dogwood blossoms shine like stars of gold,
Quick flows the amber of the tall sweet gum,
And swifter still the shifting colors come
To tulip-tree and luscious-scented plum,
And sassafras with buddings manifold.

The yellow jasmine and lush muscadine
With crab and honeysuckle intertwine,
And thousand odors sweet confederate,
And clear, cool air so interpenetrate
That sky above and blooming earth beneath
Seem to exhale a long, delicious breath!
But, hark! woodpecker beats his dull tattoo,
The jaybird screams, low moans the shy cuckoo,
Loud chirps the blackbird, gently wooes the dove,
Till chains of melody link grove to grove;
The red-bird shows his scarlet coat and crest
And sounds his bugle call, while from his nest
In deeper woods the hermit thrush intones,
With heavenly mind, his morning orisons;
Kingfisher, like a spirit of the air,

His swift flight wheels, circling with rainbow hue
The water's edge; and, see! a hawthorn fair
Grows tremulous, for on her tender spray
Sits Nature's poet, a romancer gay,

Sweet mocking-bird, singing, as he were fain
 To greet the sun with all that bird could say,
 Or think or dream within his tiny brain;
 Anon, his throat o'erflows with tuneful might,
 And straight upon a poplar's topmost height
 He flies, and his full diapason sounds.
 From stop to stop, and now from side to side,
 He flings his clear-toned dithyrambic rounds,
 Then, masterly, he runs the gamut wide
 Of his rare instrument, till joy and hope
 And sweetest love speak from the wondrous scope
 In epic majesty, now soft, now strong,
 And, lo! the air is throbbing with his song!
 The climax reached, from bough to bough he drops
 With trailing cadences; then in a copse
 Below—low, liquid warbles uttering—
 He falls with palpitating breast and wing!
 Effulgent light illumines the broad blue tent of heaven,
 The sleeping earth awakes to toil: the sun is risen!

The Last Shall Be First....Walter W. Skeat....The Academy

Who would not haste to do some mighty thing
 If safe occasion gave it to his hand,
 Knowing that, at its close, his name would ring,
 Coupled with praises, through a grateful land?
 Who would not hear with joy some great command
 Bidding him dare to earn a glorious name?
 The task is easy that secures us fame.

But, ah! how seldom comes the trumpet call
 That stirs the pulse and fills the veins with flame,
 When victory asks fierce effort, once for all,
 And smiling fortune points a way to fame
 Along some path of honor, free from blame.
 To one, the call to do great deeds speaks loud;
 To one, amid a vast unhonored crowd.

Far otherwise the common lot of man
 Our hourly toil but seeks the means to live;
 Our dull monotonous labor knows no plan,
 Save that which stern necessity doth give.
 Our earnings fill an ever-leaking sieve;
 Our task fulfilled, another still succeeds,
 And brief neglect brings overgrowth of weeds.

What wonder, then, if suffering men repine,
 And hopelessness give way to mad despair?
 Some murmur at, yea, curse the scheme divine
 That placed them where the saws of fretting care
 Across their brows a deepening channel wear.
 For them no springtide speaks of hope renewed,
 But changeless wintry skies above them brood.
 O fools and blind! This world is not the goal,
 But shapes us for a larger world unknown;
 The vilest slave that keeps a patient soul
 Shall yet rank higher than the sensual drone
 Who seeks to please his worthless self alone.
 If humblest toil be hardest, yet be sure
 He most shall merit who can most endure.

All Gone....Tom Masson....Cloak Review

He talked about divinity, and pondered on infinity,
 And spoke of base humanity as animalculæ.
 He studied up astronomy, the science of autonomy,
 And wondered if insanity was common to the flea.
 He plunged into zootomy and wandered through phlebotomy,
 And read for weeks on history from Adam down to date.
 He lectured on theogony, and dwelt upon cosmogony,
 And sounded deep the mystery attending human fate.
 He showed supreme anxiety for late and early piety,
 And spoke with great felicity of higher states than this.
 He lectured quite dramatically to show how systematically
 The force of electricity was centred in a kiss.
 But while with such intensity he spouted on immensity,
 His wife with sweet devexity was cutting quite a dash;
 And with such ingenuity she monkeyed his annuity,
 He found to his perplexity she'd dressed away his cash.

Yo te Amo....Rosalie M. Jonas....The Century

"Yo te amo!" Would you know
 What these words mean, you must go
 Where eyes speak and lips are still.
 There where sings the mountain-rill
 "Yo te amo," in its flow
 To the rushes bending low,
 And the blushing cloudlets sigh
 "Yo te amo" to the sky.

"Yo te amo!" 'Tis a breath
Soft, but lingering till death—
Murmured by the moonlight fair,
O'er the perfumed grasses there.
E'en the flowers at your feet
Kiss them as they breathe it sweet,
And faint echo calls it low—
"Ah! I love thee, love thee so!"

The Christian....Ernest Mc Gaffey....The Independent

There was a tawny woman of the sands,
Lithe-limbed and rounded, and who moved at ease
With sinuous grace as some wild leopardess
On desert wilds; and black her piercing eyes
As the great vulture's of the snowy peaks,
Who all day long hung pendent in the clouds
And watched the lazy caravans pace by.
And whiles there came a traveller in those ways
And sat him down beside the desert well,
Ate the dry dates and cooled his parching lips
And told strange tales of a mysterious God,
Who ruled the world, and taught the willing stars
To whirl submissive in their orbits round;
And sang His praises with inspiring voice,
Till in the breast of this lone creature leaped
A pulsing flame of hope, that flickered up
As dawn's faint tapers light unwilling skies.
Over her troubled fancy then there came
A vague outreaching of awakened life;
And filled with helpful longing for her kind
She left the green oasis of her youth
And traversed many a mile of burning sands,
Until the gates of pagan cities loomed
Before her pathway menacing and bare.
And entering in, with rapt, transfigured face,
She spent her days and sacrificed her nights,
Until at length, the pagan language learned,
With eager lips she told the Christian creed,
The love of God, the spotless life of Christ,
Faith, hope, and charity, and tender love.
And when the pagans made a holiday
They gave her to the lions for her pains.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS

Tess of the D'Urbervilles

The story of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, by Thomas Hardy, is an admirable story of the elevation of poor folk from obscurity to social rank. Tess is the daughter of Jack Durbeyfield, a shiftless haggler of the Blackmoor Valley. Jack is told one day by the village parson, who is an antiquary, that he is a lineal descendant of the family of D'Urbervilles, to whom Tess is sent by her mother to claim kinship. On this errand she meets with Alec D'Urbervilles, who proves to be her betrayer, and after inducing Tess to come and live at his mother's house and look after the poultry farm, sends her home broken in spirit and soiled in morals. Thereafter she goes to serve as a milkmaid in a large dairy in Froom Valley, and while there meets Angel Clare, the clergyman's son. Although he is here to learn milking and farming in all its branches, he is a young man of advanced ideas and strong artistic tastes—"quite the gentleman born." Here the saddest and most romantic part of Tess's stormy life begins. Angel, after weeks of love-making and entreaties, overcomes her doubts and hesitation, and wins her love and consent to marriage. Although she has often been on the verge of speaking of it, she has said nothing of the disastrous episode of her former life. In the following scene, describing a moment of dramatic tension in her love-episode with Angel Clare, she is at home again, just after her marriage, and Angel is standing with her before the fire holding her hands.

A steady crimson glare from the now flameless embers painted the sides and back of the fire-place with its color, and the well-polished andirons, and the old brass tongs that would not meet. The underside of the mantel-shelf was flushed with the unwavering blood-colored light, and the legs of the table nearest the fire. Tess's face and neck reflected the same warmth; while each diamond turned into an Aldebaran or a Sirius—a constellation of white, red, and green flashes, that interchanged their hues with her every pulsation.

"Do you remember what we said to each other this morning about telling our faults?" he asked abruptly, finding that she still remained immovable. "We spoke lightly, perhaps, and you may well have done so. But for me it was no light promise. I want to make a confession to you, love."

This, from him, so unexpectedly opposite, had the effect upon her of a Providential interposition. "You have to confess something?" she said quickly, and even with gladness and relief.

"You did not expect it? Ah—you thought too highly of me. Now, listen. Put your head there, because I want you to forgive me, and not to be indignant with me for not telling you before, as perhaps I ought to have done."

How strange it was! He seemed to be her double. She did not speak, and Clare went on:

"But, darling, I was afraid of endangering my chance of you, the great prize of my life—my fellowship I call you. My brother's fellowship was won at his college, mine at Talbothay's Dairy. Well, I would not endanger it. I was going to tell you a month ago—at the time you agreed to be mine, but I could not; I thought it might frighten you away from me. I put it off; then I thought I would tell you yesterday, to give you a chance at least of escaping me. But I did not. And I did not this morning, when you proposed our confessing our faults on the landing—the sinner that I was! But I must, now I see you sitting there so solemnly. I wonder if you will forgive me?"

"Oh, yes! I am sure of that——"

"Well, I hope so. But wait a minute. You don't know. To begin at the beginning. Though I believe my poor father fears that I am one of the eternally lost for my doctrines, I am a stickler for good morals, Tessie. I used to wish to be a teacher of men, and it was a great disappointment to me when I found I could not enter the Church. I loved spotlessness and hated impurity, as I do now. Whatever I may think of plenary inspiration I heartily subscribe to these words of Paul: 'Be thou an example—in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.' It is the only safeguard for us poor human beings. '*Integer vite*,' says an old Roman poet, strange company for St. Paul:

'The man of upright life, from frailties free,
O Fuscus, has no need of spear and bow.'

"Well, having felt this so strongly, you will see what a terrible remorse it bred in me when I, my very self, fell."

He then told her of that time in his life to which allusion has been made, when, tossed about by doubts and difficulties, like a cork on the waves, he went to London and plunged into eight-and-forty hours' dissipation with a stranger.

"Happily I awoke almost immediately to a sense of my folly," he continued. "I would have no more to say to her, and I came home. I have never repeated the offence. But I felt I should like to treat you with perfect frankness and honor, and I could not do so without telling this. Do you forgive me?"

She pressed his hand tightly for an answer.

"Then we will dismiss it at once and forever—too painful as it is for the occasion—and talk of something lighter."

"O Angel—I am almost glad—because now you can forgive me. I have not made my confession. I have a confession, too—remember, I said so."

"Ah, to be sure! Now then for it, wicked little one."

"Perhaps, although you smile, it is as serious in its way as yours, or more so."

"It can hardly be more serious, dearest."

"It cannot—Oh, no, it cannot!" She jumped up at the hope. "No, it cannot be more serious, certainly," she cried. "I will tell you now."

Their hands were still joined. The ashes under the grate were lit by the fire vertically, like a torrid waste. Her imagination suddenly beheld a Last Day luridness in this red-coaled glow. It still fell on his face and hand, and on hers, peering into the loose hair about her brow, and firing the delicate skin underneath. A large shadow of her shape rose upon the wall and ceiling. She bent forward, at which each diamond on her neck gave a sinister wink like a toad's, and pressing her forehead against his temple she entered on the story of her acquaintance with Alec D'Urberville and its results. She murmured the words without flinching, and with her eyes fixed on the fire.

The remainder of the story treats of the married life of Tess and Clare, the latter forgiving Tess for her early faults, but unable to forget them.

Clare determines at last to separate from her, unable to endure the thought that he has married, by accident, a woman who brings him a life and name of which he cannot be proud. Just before his departure for Brazil, and after a passage between man and wife, which is full of pathos, Tess is lying on her bed at night, when Clare, walking in his sleep, appears like an apparition at her door.

Her loyal confidence in him lay so deep down in her heart that, awake or asleep, he inspired her with no sort of personal fear. If he had entered with a pistol in his hand he would scarcely have disturbed her trust in his protectiveness. Self-solicitude, too, was so near extinction in her that even had he been a marauder she would hardly have thrown off her listlessness.

Clare came close, and bent over her. "Dead! dead, dead!" he murmured.

After fixedly regarding her for some moments with the same gaze of unmeasurable woe he bent lower, enclosed her in his arms, and rolled her in the sheet as in a shroud. Then

lifting her from the bed with as much respect as one would show to a dead body in such circumstances, he carried her across the room, murmuring, "My poor, poor Tess—my dearest, darling Tess! So sweet, so good, so true!"

The words of endearment, withheld so severely in his waking hours, were inexpressibly sweet to her forlorn and hungry heart. If it had been to save her weary life she would not, by moving or struggling, have put an end to the position she found herself in. Thus she lay in absolute stillness, scarcely venturing to breathe, and, wondering what he was going to do with her, suffered herself to be borne out upon the landing. "My wife—dead, dead!" he said.

He paused in his labors for a moment to deposit her on the banister, over which her feet hung ominously. Was he going to throw her down? In the sickening knowledge that he had planned to depart from her on the morrow, possibly for always, she lay in his arms in this precarious position with rather a sense of luxury than a sense of terror. If they could only fall together, and both be dashed to pieces, how fit, how desirable! She did not wish to save herself.

However, he did not let her fall, but took advantage of the support of the handrail to imprint a kiss upon her lips—lips in the daytime scorned. Then he clasped her with a renewed firmness of hold, and descended the staircase. The creak of the corner-stair did not awaken him, and they reached the ground-floor safely. Freeing one of his hands from its grasp of her for a moment, he opened the door and passed out, slightly striking his stockinged toe against the edge of the door. But this he seemed not to mind, and bearing her off the premises, turned his steps in the direction of the river.

His ultimate intention, if he had any, she had not yet divined; and she found herself conjecturing on the matter as a third person might have done. So easefully had she delivered her whole being up to him that it pleased her to think that he was regarding her as his absolute possession, to dispose of as he should choose. It was consoling, under the hovering terror of to-morrow's separation, to feel that he really recognized her now as his wife Tess, and did not cast her off, even if in that recognition he went so far as to arrogate to himself the right of harming her.

Ah! now she knew what he was dreaming of—that Sunday morning when he had borne her along through the water with the other dairymaids, who had loved him nearly as much as she, if that were possible, which Tess could hardly admit. Clare did not cross the bridge with her, but proceeding down the mean on the same side till he was drawing toward the mill, at length stood on the brink of the Froom.

Its waters, in creeping down these miles of meadow-land, frequently divided, serpentine in purposeless curves, loop-

ing themselves around little islands that had no name, returning, and re-embodying themselves as a broad main stream further on. Opposite the spot to which he had arrived with her was such a general confluence, and the river was proportionately voluminous and deep. Across it, when the springs were low in summer-time, was a narrow foot-bridge; but now, after the autumn rains, only the handrail was above the water. It was of sawn wood, flat on the top, and Tess had noticed from the window of the house in the daytime young men trying to cross upon it as a feat in balancing. Her husband had possibly observed the same performance; anyhow, he now mounted the rail, and sliding one foot forward, advanced upon the rail with an undulating motion, as if upon a tide.

Was he going to drown her? Probably he was. The spot was lonely, the river deep and wide enough to make such a purpose easy of accomplishment. He might drown her if he would; it would be better than parting to-morrow to lead severed lives.

The swift stream raced and gyrated under them, tossing, distorting, and splitting the moon's reflected face. Spots of froth travelled past, and intercepted weeds waved behind the piles. If they could both fall together into the current now, their arms would be so tightly clasped together that they could not be saved; they would go out of the world almost painlessly, and there would be no more reproach to her, or to him for marrying her. His last half-hour with her would have been a loving one, while if they lived till he awoke his daytime aversion would return, and this hour would remain to be contemplated only as a transient dream.

The impulse stirred in her, yet she dared not indulge it, to make a movement that would have precipitated them both into the gulf. How she valued her own life had been proved; but his—she had no right to tamper with it. He reached the other side with her in safety.

Here the ground led up to a plantation, and presently they reached a fence which formed the margin of the Abbey grounds. He paused at this spot, clambered over, and again, taking a new hold of her, went onward a few steps till they reached the ruined choir of the Abbey church. Against the north wall was the empty stone coffin of an abbot, without a lid, and in this he carefully laid her. Having kissed her lips a second time, he breathed deeply, as if a greatly desired end were attained. Clare then lay down himself beside her, when he immediately fell into the deep, dead sleep of exhaustion, and remained motionless as a log. The spurt of mental excitement which had produced the effort was now over.

The story from this onward grows more and more intense and ends in a suggestive scene which is terrific in its power,

though revolting, unpleasant, and altogether unsatisfactory to those who have learned through the story to admire *Tess's* many noble gifts and strength of character.

The Farmer Takes a Hand

Senator Peffer, in a volume called *The Farmers' Side, His Troubles and Their Remedy*, presents the grievances made prominent in recent years by the Grange, the Farmers' Alliance, and kindred bodies of western and southern agriculturists. In spite of the enormous productiveness of our agricultural lands, of improved machinery, better transportation, and the successive failure of crops in other lands, the American farmer has less actual earning capacity than men of any other calling. Upon this assumption, Mr. Peffer proceeds to find the cause of this inequality in what he calls the Money Power. Rates of interest, he claims, are usurious, and the fact that idle money can reproduce itself in a comparatively short period of time is all wrong. Some idea of his economic ideas may be gained from the following: "If it be right to exact money under any circumstances for the use of money, and if it be right to regulate the rate of interest by law, surely justice requires that no greater percentage should be allowed or demanded than is equal to the average gain of labor. If the working forces of the country, when all employed, do not gain faster than a certain rate per cent per annum, that rate, whatever it be—if any rate is to be allowed—should be the legal rate for the use of money. If the people, when all are working, gain steadily ten per cent every year, then let ten per cent be the interest rate; if the general gain of the workers does not exceed five per cent, that rate is high enough for interest; if the community, the State, or the nation do not gain faster than two per cent or three per cent, no more than that ought to be allowed as interest for the use of money." The rate of interest, he maintains, should be proportioned to the rate of increase in the property of a state or locality. For example: "The property of the State of New York in 1835 was valued at \$530,653,524, and the increase in twenty-four years was \$885,637,313, or for the whole period an average of not quite 7 per cent per annum; and, added yearly, of about 4 per cent per annum. At 7 per cent, with the interest compounded yearly, the State would have added to its wealth during the twenty-four years

over \$2,100,000,000—that is, over \$1,200,000,000 more than was actually added to the wealth of the State by the labor of all its inhabitants. The legal rate of interest demanded from laborers over \$1,200,000,000 more than they actually earned." It is thus, he avers, that the farmer to-day is paying a ten-per-cent interest on a two-per-cent business, a state of affairs which is ruinous to his interests.

Incidentally, he lets fly his shaft at the money-changers of Wall Street, in a picturesque chapter from which the following is culled:

These men of Wall Street, posing as missionaries conquering deserts and building republics, men piously assuming universal dominion, religiously dictating the financial policies of nations, moving in an atmosphere of radiant morals, self-appointed philosophers teaching honor and honesty to an ignorant world, these men of fabulous fortunes built upon the ruin of their fellows, are in fact the most audacious gamblers in Christendom. The poor fool who with a few dollars opens a faro bank or sets up a monte table in a country town is by common consent an outlaw; every man's face is set against him, and he is liable to arrest and imprisonment at any hour; he is denied admittance to the houses of people who are clean; even the street gamins pass him by as if he were a leper. No man so little esteemed, no man so thoroughly loathed and despised as this fellow, the common gambler. Yet here in the very heart of the best civilization on earth, at the very centre of business life and activity, living in luxury and ease, renting costly pews in splendid churches and hiring their worshiping done; men petted and feasted by the rich and easy everywhere, with millions of dollars at their call, governments at their command, and a loyal people in their service; these men who produce nothing, who add not a dollar to the nation's wealth, who fatten on the failures of other men, whose acquisitions are only what their fellows have lost; these men without conscience, who believe they are specially commissioned to prey upon the people, who act as a sort of continuing self-appointed civil-service commission to examine candidates for important offices before their names are submitted to the voters; this pampered aristocracy, living off the wreckage of commerce, who rake in a railroad, a state, or a nation with equal complacency; these men 'whose private dwellings are more splendid than the public buildings,' and whose 'happy homes' are the fruit of other men's toil; these men who boast of their patriotism in lending a few millions of their ill-gotten gains to the government of their imperilled country at 'twelve per cent' interest, when thousands of farmers and wage-workers of all sorts

and conditions were voluntarily in the army at risk of life and home—all without question as to pay; these men masquerading as philanthropists and patriots while they are despoiling a nation and robbing the poor—these are the men who engineered the train that brought us where we are.

The remedy which he advocates is in the establishment of a vast pawn-brokerage institution in connection with the national finances. He advocates loans from the Treasury upon land at very low rates of interest, a plan which has been given wide publicity by the present Secretary of Agriculture.

The History of David Grieve

It is less in the story than in the incident of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel that interest will centre, for it is in the minor situations that are to be found the choicest of her philosophic and religious sayings. David Grieve is a man of Derbyshire, whose tale the writer follows through four periods of his life, examining, as she proceeds, the various influences which play about him and shape his character. He is the son of a Scotch peasant and a French mother, a juxtaposition of ancestry whose influences find themselves at war in David's breast in the later years of his life. The first part of the book deals with the ill treatment David and his sister Louie receive at the hands of an uncle who brings them up during their "childhood." While David turns to dreamland and books, Louie proves somewhat rebellious in temperament. During this first period of David's life he comes under the influence of various zealots and other teachers. Among others he encounters a revivalist preacher, whose address at a prayer meeting is graphically told. The revivalist has presented his youthful hearers with an idea of the complete hopelessness of the lost, and his religious passion had been slowly rising.

To his dying day David, at least, never forgot the picture of a sinner's death-agony, a sinner's doom, which followed. As to the first, it was very quiet and colloquial. The preacher dwelt on the tortured body, the choking breath, the failing sight, the talk of relations and friends round the bed.

"Ay, poor fellow, he'll not lasst mich longer; t' doctor's gien him up—and a good thing too, for his sufferin's are terrible to see."

And your poor dying ears will catch what they say. Then

will your fear come upon you as a storm, and your calamity as a whirlwind. Such a fear!

* * * * *

Then followed a sort of vision of the lost—delivered in short, abrupt sentences—the form of the speaker, drawn rigidly up meanwhile to its full height, the long arm outstretched. The utterance had very little of the lurid materialism, the grotesque horror of the ordinary ranter's hell. But it stole upon the imagination little by little, and possessed it at last with an all-pervading terror. Into it, to begin with, had gone the whole life-blood and passion of an agonized soul. The man speaking had himself graven the terrors of it on his inmost nature through many weeks of demoniacal possession. But since that original experience of fire which gave it birth, there had come to its elaboration a strange artistic instinct. Day after day the preacher had repeated it to hushed congregations, and with every repetition, there had come a greater sharpening of the light and shade, a keener sense of what would tell and move. He had given it on the moors that afternoon, but he gave it better to-night.

The second period of David's life—his youth—deals with him while he is beginning the struggle of life as an assistant in a bookseller's shop. This gives him opportunity to read and to think. His tendencies at this time are atheistic. "Do you call yourself an atheist now?" an acquaintance had asked him one day in a semi-ironical manner.

"I don't call myself anything," said David stoutly. "I'm all for this world; we can't know anything about another. At least that is my opinion, sir—no offence to you."

"Oh, dear me—no offence! There have been a *few* philosophers, you know, Davy, since Voltaire. There's a person called Kant; I don't know anything about him, but they tell me he made out a very pretty case, on the practical side anyway, for a God and immortality. And in England, too, there have been two or three persons of consequence, you remember, like Coleridge and John Henry Newman, who have thought it worth while to believe a little. But you don't care about that?"

The lad stood silent a moment, his color rising, his fine lip curling. Then he burst out:

"What's the good of thinking about things by the wrong end? There's such a lot to read!"

Making a little money, he, however, leaves London and passes on to Paris, where he goes through, during the third period, an experience of "Storm and Stress." He falls in

love with Elise Delaunay, an artist; goes off to Barbizon to marry her, while his sister marries a painter to whom she has posed as a model. They both awake to the fact that they have made a mistake, and in the final period of "Maturity," they return to a quiet, uneventful, and prosy life among respectable English folk, and repent at their leisure.

An Oblique View of Europe....Written by a Japanese Traveller*

THE TAILOR AND THE MAN.

The apparel of women I will not enter into; it would no doubt be full of surprises, even in speculative investigation, and is certainly too full in outward detail for my powers of description. But tailors, with that fine sense for form which their occupation might reasonably be expected to develop, now frequently call themselves, not tailors, but "artists in draping the human form." These artists must be reckoned as a great force in the development of human affairs. In Europe dress exercises an influence which, considering its apparent soberness, is very remarkable to an Oriental. Many a young man's future turns less on his intrinsic qualities than on external graces of manner and dress. Many a worn-out voluptuary owes his few remaining successes to the perfect workmanship of sartorial artists. It may be said, indeed, that there is a sense in which may yet be applied the old saying that it takes seven (or nine) tailors to make a man.

COMMON-SENSE MUST AND WILL RULE.

There is much praise of common sense in England, but it is not always well bestowed. What the English people most surely and promptly recognize is that the common-sense view of any matter is that which must inevitably be submitted to. It is this sense, indeed, which, always and painfully following in the wake of the more trained intellects, rules the world. Everything, be it good or bad, which is set up in direct opposition to it, suffers destruction, or, in the rare instances when this is not the case, common sense is thrown into confusion, and anarchy follows.

THE HYPOCRITE.

Some nations are priest-ridden, others mob-ridden, all more or less fool-ridden. In England the moralist is in the saddle (their greatest art-critic, Ruskin, is a moralist in disguise),

* From Japanese Letters. See Book-List.

and thus a tendency is established to set up, and compel homage to, a standard of morality to which a very great number of persons cannot possibly attain. As a consequence of this, there is bred in immoral individuals a strong desire to conform in appearance with the recognized standard; and this leads to an affectation or simulation of morality which, in some countries, ours included, would be felt by all to be distasteful, more repulsive indeed than immorality itself.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH NOBILITY.

As to French society, the general constitution of the classes presents no very marked difference from that of England. The two countries, nevertheless, afford the observer a notable contrast in the position and importance of the aristocracy. In England every noble is wealthy, but in France many a baron or count possesses little else besides his title, which he uses as a beggar uses his rags, to hide his nakedness. In England peers are often found in high political and official places; in France rarely. As a class the French nobility exercises absolutely no influence on politics. A section of it has gathered itself together in a particular quarter of Paris, and there busies itself with the concoction of infantile plots—on paper—for the restoration of the monarchy. It corresponds with the exiled prince, and, by remaining obstinately fixed within a narrow circle of ideas, by keeping itself studiously ignorant of the tendencies of the country, by making much of every item of news favorable to its hopes, and turning a deaf ear to news of other kinds, it occasionally galvanizes itself into a spasm of belief that the return of the king is at hand. The king may return, but if he does it will be owing rather to the mistakes of his enemies than to the exertions of his friends.

A CAPACITY FOR DOING THINGS WRONG.

The disordered imagination and topsy-turvydom of judgment which I suspect in our European friends, finds a parallel in the strange contrariness and awkwardness of many of their manual practices. The European carpenter, for instance, or other artisan, with his voluminous tool-chest and paraphernalia of ingenious implements, is frequently outdone in rapid, dexterous, and delicate hand-work, by our artisan with the half-dozen simple tools he has at command, tools which he has generally made almost entirely himself. The awkwardness of the foreign (European) carpenter is manifest

in his slow and slovenly method of work. For instance, he will always plane and frequently saw away from instead of toward himself, the instrument thus held obstructing the close superintendence by the eye of the work to be done. With curious perversity Europeans make use of the right-handed in the place of left-handed screws; yet the right hand has a surer and steadier twisting power from right to left than from left to right. Similarly, it is easier to shoot a bolt into its lock by turning the key from right to left than the opposite way. European locks, however, are almost invariably made on the contrary method. In the manual art of book-making it is, I believe, the common practice to place the author's or editor's notes at the bottom of the page, instead of, as with us, at the top, whence the eye can easily and naturally run down the text again to the point at which the break occurred, instead of retracing its way backward. Even in such trifling matters as the address of a letter the wrong-headedness of European methods is apparent. The information required by the post-office employés is not given in the order wanted, but in the reverse order. Most of these matters are in themselves trivial, are of no more weight than smoke; but, like smoke, they show the direction of the wind.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

It appears to me that between the principal men of the two English political parties there must be, as it were, a secret or tacit understanding and unwritten compact that the people shall be humored with the shadow of legislation, but deprived of the substance of it; that a puppet show, decorous if possible, but amusing at all hazards, shall be provided for their entertainment, with the object of distracting their attention from supposititious or real but immedicable ills. I notice that each party, while in opposition, exerts itself strenuously to prevent the party in office from legislating with effect, irrespectively of the goodness or badness of any particular proposal. The party in power, on the other hand, while affecting impatience of the opposition, appears to be secretly relieved at being prevented from committing itself to anything drastic or definite.

THE DEITY.

The Christian Deity is not sometimes this, sometimes that, and sometimes the other, but always and at the same time

one and three. The most strenuous exercise of good-will and imagination, however, fails to bring home to me how a substance can at the same time be diamond and carbon. Sulphur under three different modifications may be reduced to one form, but then it could not simultaneously be in three forms. Enough, enough—this road surely leads to madness! In the course of further conversation, it became apparent to me that when wise people are driven into a corner over these matters, they admit the propositions to be not humanly explicable, and therefore to be frankly accepted as mysteries. There is much virtue in the "therefore." Whatsoever the ultra-wise, the metaphysicians, the theologians, may make of such matters, it is indubitable that the common run of mortals, judging by myself, have little or no faculty for drawing subtle distinctions between substance, essence, modes, attributes, and the rest of it. They were told that three Gods were one, and, some under compulsion of reverence for their teachers, others under fear of damnation for disbelief, accepted the proposition simply as a matter of faith too mysterious for comprehension.

THE CONJURY OF BUSINESS.

In fact, what a capitalist really owns is nothing else than credit, or debt, which is the same thing as credit, looked at from the opposite point of view. It is a highly civilized notion, where contracts are not only strictly enforced by law, but voluntarily complied with from a sense of commercial honor, such credits are looked upon as being as good as, and more convenient than, the sums of money which they represent. And here the bankers step in, and, with prestidigital ease, commence to circulate this credit, and like skilful conjurors, from every portion of it make ten other portions.

THE ART OF RAPHAEL.

Outside of painting a picture and moulding a statue there is no art here (in England). Decorative design is known as an expression of what might be, but is not; at best, what there is of it is copied from bygones, and unintelligently set amid alien surroundings, or is made to do duty in the place of something more appropriate and natural to the occasion or the subject. Take their coins, for instance. Next time the opportunity occurs, examine the English gold piece, the sovereign, where on the reverse of the coin, the national legend

of St. George and the Dragon is depicted. The figure of St. George is noble, the action of the steed is full of beauty and fire. Both, in all probability, have been copied from, or suggested by, some antique model. But the lack of artistic power to adapt the borrowed material to the circumstances of the case is at once evident. Mark the unreality of the conception. St. George is armed with a sword some eighteen inches long. He cannot by any possibility reach the Dragon with it. Of this he is aware, for he holds the sword well back out of the way. Finding himself in this dilemma, St. George, with the disciplined heroism of a brave man in a moment of supreme danger, disconcerts the Dragon by trying to ram his right foot down the Dragon's throat. The Dragon is evidently taken by surprise. St. George, profiting by the momentary indecision of his foe, probably, I take it, kills the Dragon by driving his right spur (which the artist has omitted to depict) into the animal's brain. In Japan, this maleficent, overgrown scorpion would have been hunted up by a nimble boy and knocked on the head with a stick.

The Hunger Siege....Letters of Von Moltke.

Readers might easily have expected more from the great Prussian's pen regarding the Franco-Prussian War than is to be found in his correspondence. Something of a picture, though brief, is given of the German attitude, in his hasty pen-pictures of the momentous struggle from the seat of war. The investment of Paris is summed up in these few words:

To bombard Paris, we should first have to hold the forts. Nothing has been omitted toward the employment of this forcible measure, but I look for far greater results from a slower but surer agent—hunger. We know that for weeks only a few gas-lamps have been burned in Paris, that, in spite of the unusual early and severe winter, scarcely any of the houses are heated, as there is an absolute dearth of coal. A letter from General B—— to his wife, which was captured from a balloon, gives the following prices: A pound of butter, twenty francs; a fowl, twenty francs; une dinde, non truffée, aien entendu, sixty to seventy francs. He describes a charming little supper: "Herring with mustard sauce; then a delicious little filet de bœuf dont on faisait fête. Paul, le cuisinier avait fait des bassesses pour l'avoir, li a promis au boucher M. et Madame M. un sauf conduit pour un des forts, pour tacher de voir les Prussiens." These confidential communications between man and wife do more to show us

the real state of affairs than any amount of newspaper reports, which always exaggerate on one side or the other. Famine is not yet within their walls, but its forerunner, high prices, is. The Rothschilds and Pereires can still get their "dindon truffé," the lowest classes are paid and fed by the Government, but the entire middle class has long been starving. Such a condition of things cannot continue for any length of time. It is true that this is assuming that we shall beat all the armies that are continually being freshly collected against us. But only the Advocate's reign of terror can succeed in getting such armies together. However patriotic and brave they may be, these unhappy creatures are incapable of contending against our well-organized, gallant troops. These hardships in the bivouacs are decimating them mercilessly, and the wounded lie by hundreds by the wayside.

At another time he writes of the futile efforts of the imprisoned Parisians:

The sorties, so far, have been wrecked on our out-posts; they have never got so far as our main position. But pursuit on our part is out of the question, and we are losing men daily from the fire from the forts, which fire haphazard, with an incredible waste of ammunition, at a range of eight thousand paces, above three-quarters of a mile (about three miles and a half English). Every shot costs six thalers (about \$4.25), the great marine steel shells as much as ninety-three thalers (about \$50); and with from sixty to a hundred rounds they kill three, five, to twenty of our men, as chance may direct. Part of our lines lie within range of infantry fire, and we are careful to take off our caps before peeping over the top of a wall or breastwork. Every attempt at relief from outside has been defeated and dispersed, but the Government still spurs on the hapless population in the provinces, by lying reports and patriotic bombast, to make fresh efforts, which have to be suppressed by the destruction of whole towns. The audacity of the Franc-tireurs must be punished by severe reprisals, and the war is assuming a horrible aspect. It is bad enough when armies have to tear each other to pieces; but to set nations against each other is not an advance, but a lapse into barbarism. How little a rising of the masses, even of so brave a race as this, can do against a small but disciplined force, should be seen with all its consequences by our liberals, who preach the arming of the people.

Von Moltke's descriptions of some of the men of the day are highly epigrammatic. He speaks of Napoleon as "the desperate adventurer of Boulogne," also as the "parvenu of power," in contrast to Rothschild "the parvenu of wealth."

Of Thiers, in his attempts at reconstruction, after the treaty of peace, while the Commune was threatening, he has this to say:

But that little chattering Thiers still thinks that by proclamations and phrases, and without shedding of blood, he can reform those ruffians who have declared the *Assemblée Nationale* to be dissolved, have impeached its members, and threaten shortly to drive them out of Versailles. The man's vanity will not permit him to transfer the power which he does not know how to use into the hands of a capable general, without which there is no depending on the troops. Thus it is when dilettanti come into power. Only a dictator can bring the affairs of France to a satisfactory issue, and he would have to begin with wholesale slaughter in Paris. If no dictator be found, civil war and anarchy are inevitable.

An Enchanted Princess....Graham R. Tomson's Recent Book of Poems

I found her deep in the forest,
The beeches and elms between,
A delicate amber plane-tree
'Mid masses of bronze and green—

A sorrowful, spell-bound princess
Awaiting her lover there.
She said: "He will know me, surely,
By the veil of my yellow hair.

"He seeks me the wide world over,
He seeks me the whole year through
To loosen the charm that binds me—
My prince and my lover true!"

She shivered beneath her foliage,
And sighed in the twilight chill:
"Ay, me! wilt thou find me never,
Thy love that thou seekest still?"

"I saw him," chirruped a blackbird;
"He passed by this very spot;
He is come and gone, O princess!
He passed and he knew you not!"

The cold wind rustled her branches
Till the yellow leaves fell slow—
"He is dead and gone, O princess,
Many a year ago."

GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND BOOKS

Readers of Current Literature will note a few changes in the present number, all of which have been made with a view to the reader's comfort and enjoyment. The date of publication has been changed in order to enable the editors to furnish the latest and freshest material, a thing with which we trust none will be disposed to quarrel. As to the new flag we fly upon our cover, we feel that there will be some just criticism, particularly from that staunch and desirable element in a *clientèle*—the conservative reader. To appease him we have retained the long familiar lettering, while the "year we celebrate" has given the artist, Mr. George Wharton Edwards, an appropriate theme with which to intertwine that delicacy of thought and fecundity of invention which seems so ingeniously to mould our plain surroundings into phantasies that delight the cultured eye. In other respects it will be the constant aim of the editors to keep abreast of that which is readable, to eschew the controversies that make life miserable, and to minister especially to those who desire to gain in a small compass an idea of the general trend of thought.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose second novel has just appeared, is not a rapid, nor apparently a prolific, writer. Robert Elsmere appeared in 1888, four years ago. Since then it has run the course of a meteor; and just as the book and author were about to vanish into thin air, she launches the History of David Grieve. While laboring conscientiously at her book she has continued to contribute to the magazines in which her earliest work appeared. Mrs. Ward is a daughter of Thomas Arnold, a son of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and is the wife of a man of rare discrimination and ability, Humphry Ward, the art critic and connoisseur of the London Times. Whether her latest book will achieve anything like the success of its predecessors remains to be seen. Its forerunner caught up, and presented so admirably, questions of creed which were agitating the world, that the sale of it was simply phenomenal. The book has since then dropped completely out of sight, but to it a monument has practically been erected in the now famous University Hall, of London. Mr. and Mrs. Ward, after the success of her

first novel, found themselves in much pleasanter and easier circumstances. Formerly they had occupied a modest but cosy dwelling of the olden type near the British Museum. Since then they have moved to the more fashionable quarter, near Grosvenor Square. It is said that her publishers guaranteed her on David Grieve no less a return than \$100,000. The information comes from the representative of a firm who made her a princely offer for it, but failed to secure the literary prize. The book has been received by the press in England with some misgivings as to its future, but in America it has been widely commended thus far. Its sales, at all events, are likely to be very large.

The literary syndicate is not a novelty, but the importance of it is daily becoming so much greater as to call for comment. It was especially founded to supply the newspapers with a better class of literary material at lower rates, by means of simultaneous publication in different parts of the country. If not the Nestor in this line of work, S. S. McClure has at least become one of the most enterprising and daring of the various syndicate managers; and from the most modest of beginnings—with little household and fashion notes—he has in a few years become the middle-man between the most powerful of newspapers and the most expensive of writers. His lists are veritable arrays of distinguished names in all branches of the art, while he is a tireless worker, and watches his preserves with the eyes of a lynx. He is a young Scotch-American by birth, and a "hustler," in the best sense of the word, by self-education. He began his literary work on the *Wheelman*, but from it drifted into the syndicate line without great difficulty less than ten years ago. He worked at this with indomitable energy, and against obstacles that at times became quite oppressive; but to-day he boasts that a single issue of the Sunday newspapers means from three to five thousand dollars of cost to him for the material he has furnished. His wares are now scattered all over the world. A friend, writing of him recently in the *Philadelphia Press*, says that, "By a development as healthy as it was inevitable, the work on which Mr. McClure had entered, took form and shape, crossed oceans, and established itself in each of the three homes of the English-speaking race. It is not easy to speak without exaggeration, and it is impossible to contem-

plate without enthusiasm the skill which has secured the confidence both of authors and editors; won the good-will, on the one hand, of the distinguished names of letters of whom all know, and, on the other, of the thousand men who pass on manuscripts and supplement in our newspapers, whom no one knows, and who provide—more or less successfully—for millions of readers yet more unknown than themselves. To buy a manuscript from one author and sell it to twenty editors seems an easy task—until a man has tried it."

The full name of the author of *The Story of Ulla*, in *Short Stories for March*, is Edwin Lester Linden Arnold. He is a son of Sir Edwin Arnold, and in this story betrays the relationship, in his easy master of words. There is a force of expression in the rugged tale of the Vikings and an amount of originality which will prove an unexpected surprise to those who have read the tale. The author is a regular editorial writer on the staff of the *London Daily Telegraph*, which accounts perhaps for the fact that he is not better known. Possibly, too, he has been overshadowed by the widely noised exploits of his father, who was in the field before him. The son has nevertheless written a number of books, chiefly upon forbidding topics, such as *Coffee-Planting in Southern India*. He has also written some volumes of travel, such as his *Summer Holiday in Scandinavia*. That the novel opens a new field for him, those who followed the graphic and well-told romance of *Ulla* must be persuaded. It is full of dramatic fire and an easy flow of incident and language.

Mrs. Susan M. D. Piatt, the author of a poem on the Skylark, is a Western poetess, and has come into notice abroad because of her temerity in attacking the traditional poet's bird, and for the quaintness with which she does it. The manner in which she came to indict her ode is told by an acquaintance in these words: Mrs. Piatt had lived all her life in rural neighborhoods, but had never had the good fortune to hear a skylark, although she was a great admirer of Shelley's *Skylark*, and had longed, on account of Shelley's exquisite poem, to hear the bird which he had so beautifully described. Going abroad one year, Mrs. Piatt had the good fortune to be in a neighborhood where the English skylark was the favorite bird. And there she heard its early morning

song warbled forth. To her disappointment she did not particularly fancy the notes of the poetic bird, and in her half-vexation she wrote the charming little poem which begins:

"If this be all for which I've listened long,
O Spirit of the dew,
You did not sing to Shelley such a song
As Shelley sang to you."

The little poem concludes with the verse:

"Ah me! but when the world and I were young,
There was an apple-tree;
There was a voice came in the dawn,
And sang the birds awake; ah, me!
"O'lark of Europe, singing low,
Down fluttering from the nest;
You'd never sing again if you could hear
My bluebird of the West."

Thomas Hardy, whose recently published novel, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, is not only one of his finest achievements, but also one of the most brilliant pieces of fiction produced by any contemporary novelist, was born in Dorsetshire, England, about fifty years ago. He studied architecture in his native village, and at the same time devoted a large portion of his time to assiduous reading. When he was twenty-one he went to London, where he continued both his architectural and literary studies, and made a reputation by his writings on architecture. He was thus led into art criticism. He did not discover his talent for fiction until he was thirty years old, when he wrote a novel, called *Desperate Remedies*. In 1872 he published *Under the Greenwood Tree*, and two years later *Far from the Madding Crowd*, a story which displayed rare intuition into human nature, skill in character delineation, and dramatic power. These books won for him a high place among living writers and established his popularity. After the publication of the last one, he retired to a delightful cottage which he had built on his native heath, at Max Gate, near Dorchester, within sight of the rustic scenes which he loved to depict. There he still lives and works. He has published during the past fifteen years several novels of English life, which have made his reputation. His skill in portraying the English peasantry has been compared to that of Shakespeare, and the brilliancy and intellectual vigor of his novels have caused critics to liken him to both Charles

Reade and George Eliot. He has no fixed methods of composition; he tries to write every morning after breakfast, but does not force himself to his work when he is not in the mood, which is often the case. He becomes strongly attached to his characters, but often forgets their names, and has to be set right with regard to them by his wife, who follows his writings closely. Every spring he goes with Mrs. Hardy to London (unless for a change he runs over to the Continent), where he mingles in society, receives his friends once a week at his apartments, and appears frequently at the Saville Club. He is described as a quiet-mannered, pleasant, modest man, of small stature, with rounded brow and full head, entirely unaffected, direct in his ways and unspoiled by success.

Charles Francis Adams has recently taken issue against perpetual copyright, suggested recently by W. D. Howells, who protested against limiting the tenure of intellectual property more than that of other property. "Granted," says Mr. Adams, "that intellectual property is not less sacred than physical property, and that it should have equal safeguards and tenure, it does not follow from this that it should escape its equal share of the public burden, or that its ownership should be more lasting than that of the other. In a certain sense, under our scheme of taxation, no man has perpetual ownership of physical property. Every year the inevitable tax-gatherer takes a part, or obliges the owner to ransom it by paying say not far from one and a half per cent of its value. This means that every sixty-seven years the public takes to itself all the property of individuals. But as deferred taxes properly bear interest, really the time is much less than this. If we assume a tax rate of one and a half per cent, with five per cent interest, a little calculation will show that the time of individual ownership is lessened to thirty years, or to thirty-three years if four per cent interest is allowed. In other words, in case we fail to redeem our property by annual tributes, the public takes to itself all our possessions except copyright at the end of thirty to thirty-three years. Our system of taxation may place an undue burden on self-denial and industry, and put a premium on shiftlessness and extravagance; but this system is here, and is not likely soon to be changed for the better. If the above view is correct, possibly the lifetime of patents, seventeen

years, may justly be extended, but certainly an untaxed copyright for twenty-eight years with an extension of fourteen years, making forty-two years in all, already has an exceptional tenure. It may be that intellectual property should receive special favors, but if substantially equal rights are what is wanted, may we not look for a shortening of the limit of a copyright to correspond with the tenure of other property? The above view is, of course, not the historical reason for fixing the present limit of copyright, but it may be suggestive in indicating the direction legislation should tend if equal privileges are to be maintained."

It has often been the complaint of authors and painters that they can earn barely the wages of a laboring man. It is perhaps true, when they are struggling to be caught up by the wave of popularity and lifted into prominence. At all events, it has been true of countless men who are among the idols of the day, and of none more so than of the recently elected director of the forty French Immortals, Ernest Renan. The diary of his literary life, which ends by pages crowded with honors, opened years ago with this dreary plaint: "I may without vanity consider myself to possess as much capacity as any clerk or shopman; yet the latter are able in serving purely material interests to gain an honest living, while I, who appeal to the soul, do not in sober truth know where I am to look for to-morrow morning's bread." The description was by no means overdrawn or figurative. His earlier days were burdened with trouble, with poverty, and with denunciation. As much an agnostic as ever, he has compelled the admiration of his enemies by his steadfastness. Curiously enough, his audience is not alone among the agnostics of the day, but he is attentively read, even by the most orthodox—a tacit acknowledgment of his power. As a young man, he was a prodigy of genius. He was a linguist of rare eminence, a rarely gifted student of the scriptures, and a theologian capable of handling the most difficult problems of dogma. As he advanced, however, in his studies, he drifted gradually away from Christianity and the priesthood, for which he had prepared himself. His personal appearance in his earlier days gave ample evidence of the penury of his surroundings. Unable to secure work, a sister who had laid by a little competence came to his rescue. From this time onward he be-

came more and more of an authority in French letters. With growing power and wealth, he finally made a visit to Palestine, the dream of his student days, and collected the material for his *Life of Jesus*, and *Origins of Christianity*. One who has recently seen him gives this description of him as he looks to-day: "It has been said that most men originally trained for the priesthood of the Catholic Church, but who for one reason or another abandon their vocation before becoming priests, preserve to the end in their physique certain patent traces of early ecclesiastical training—a certain unctuousness in the voice and a certain calm and solemnity of the countenance. When I first saw Renan, I found this theory amply verified. His face, though now somewhat heavy and sensual, has on its lines the tranquillity of the cloister. Closely shaven as it is, it gives him the appearance of a country curé—an appearance which is furthermore confirmed by the sombre garments which he invariably wears. He is to be seen once a month at a café near the Montparnasse Station, presiding over a Breton banquet, and surrounded by poets, artists, and novelists who hail from the historic and romantic shores of Brittany. Here he speaks the old Celtic tongue, and songs are sung and encored in the same mellifluous language."

It appears that the most popular and widely-read novel writer of the day is Albert Ross, who has sold 540,000 copies of his seven or eight novels. According to English authority, the novel is not the only book, however, which sells in such enormous quantities, and a time is recalled in London, only a few years ago, when copies of the Koran were as eagerly sought for as the novel of to-day. It is difficult at all times to say who it is that reads so much, but a writer has recently analyzed the question about Mr. Ross, and has decided that his novels are only seen in the hands of shop-girls, errand boys, mechanics, and sewing women. From this, the writer argues, we can form some idea of what is the "literature of the masses." "Those who, for their sins," he remarks, "have read the latest novel of the writer in question—*The Garston Bigamy*—need be at no loss in determining the secret of his success. In the first place, he has a simple and direct style. He indulges in very little fine writing. Some passages of sentiment are done in a way to make one shriek, but, for the most part, the story moves straight on. The

commonest folk appear in his pages—some Iowa farmers and their children are the main personages in his most recent book. His method is to take these ordinary people in their ordinary condition of life, and build up a story out of their ordinary passions and motives. His unparalleled success ought to do finally to death the old tradition that the literature of the masses must be graced by the presence of the Montmorencys and Fitzedwardses. Doubtless a limited number of nurse-girls and the like may always be counted upon to stand agape at the tragic woes of Lord Algernon and Lady Blanche, but upon the matter-of-fact and tense life of the common people the tales that make a deep impression must be as matter of fact and tense as themselves."

There was a peculiar pathos in De Maupassant's loss of reason, and the event was dramatic as well, judging from the account of it which appeared in a Cannes newspaper. He was at the time endeavoring to concentrate his thoughts upon his new novel, *L'Angelus*, but was unable to do so. In a moment of exasperation he brought his fist down on the table before him, exclaiming: "Another man overboard. Nothing left now but to die." Following the exclamation he tried to put an end to his life with a razor. He was bereft of reason and almost of life, in the middle of a work which he considered the most important from his pen. "Others of my writings," he had said, "may disappear, but, please God, not this one." Edward King, an old-time Paris correspondent of many influential American journals, and a man of the keenest literary taste, recently described his personality as it appeared surrounded by evidences of the taste of a rich connoisseur, rather than of a literary plodder. "He looked well," he says, "among his treasures; his symmetrical face, with the finely developed forehead, the well-balanced chin, the inquisitive and imaginative eyes, was impressive. M. Huret, on a recent visit to him, found that he had a coarse look and a bristly mustache. But we must remember that he showed M. Huret the door. M. De Maupassant is probably about forty-five years old, and does not look any older." De Maupassant was a hard worker, winning his laurels not alone by reason of his unusual talents, but by persistent and unremitting toil. The story of his literary apprenticeship to Flaubert is only an incident of his determination to become

an author at all hazards. He was faithful to it, however, and the sequel proved at all events that his subjection to another man's will was no small virtue in itself. Lately, he has entertained all sorts of vagaries, has been a misanthrope and a confirmed morphinomaniac, a habit contracted while seeking to pitch his fancy ever on a higher key.

Henry Norman, the author of *The Real Japan*, is a young Englishman about thirty-five years of age, a tall and fine-looking fellow, who has become very widely known for his correspondence and character sketches in some of the English journals. About twelve years ago he came to America, a graduate then of one of the English universities, and took a special course of study at Harvard. At that time he contributed a number of sketches on American men of the day to Edmund Yates' *London World*. This served as an introduction to literary work, which he followed up as correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under Mr. Stead. He started off as correspondent for that journal for a brief tour, and, finally, was so fascinated with the work that he made the complete circle of the globe. His style is bright and entertaining, and his interest has been particularly excited by the lighter sociological questions of the day. He has always travelled with his camera in hand, and has armed himself wherever he has been with snap-shots of the scenes and events which he wished to remember. In this way he may be looked upon as a typical specimen of modern journalism, and withal a good one. Last fall Mr. Norman was married to pretty, hoydenish Menie Muriel Dowie, the Girl in the *Karpathians*, whom he met on his globe-trotting trip.

The Three-Cornered Hat, of the Spanish author Alarçon, which has just been published in this country, calls attention to an interesting literary figure, whose death last summer was very deeply deplored in his own country. He had been patriot as well as author in Spain, and had passed a life of adventure whether wielding the sword or the pen. Destined, at first, to the clergy, he renounced the vocation in favor of literature, and made his first appearance in a drama where success caused him to be crowned with flowers by his compatriots. "But, alas!" he said, "the thorns of those roses penetrated my heart. From that day forth I was a stranger

in my own village. I lived in solitary greatness, alone with my small glory, immured, so to speak, in my own pride, and walled up from old playmates by the envy of my former comrades." He was the founder of two newspapers, and also took active part in the politics of Spain. In 1859, he volunteered in the war with Morocco, took an inactive part physically, but collected many notes out of which he formed a journal, which, when published, is said to have netted his publisher a fortune. Later, he became a senator, and wore numerous decorations gained in the service of his country. His death was a very poetic one. A few hours before he passed away, he sat up in bed to listen to a nightingale which his brother had given him some time before, but which had not sung a note for days. "Ah, the nightingale!" cried he, and as long as the bird sang he continued to listen bending forward to catch every sound. Then, as the music ceased, his head fell on his breast and he sank into a lethargy from which he never awakened. Of his works the *Three-Cornered Hat* has been called the finest. He also wrote *The Prodigal*, *Scandal*, *Captain Veneno*, and *Tito Gil*.

Of all the men of letters—Manning, Spurgeon, Laveleye—who have recently passed away, the Belgian economist was most widely known. His reputation was an international one, his studies upon questions of government being found in every well-equipped public library. For the past twenty-five years he had occupied a professorship in the University of Liège. An acquaintance says that the modesty and sweetness of his personality made him the best and most charming of friends. Like many men of studious habits, he found his recreation in botanizing, in the pleasures of music, and in outdoor pastimes and sports. "He was," says this friend, "an even, contented, dutiful, hopeful, faithful, courageous, loving man, whose moral qualities outshone even his great intellectual gifts—who saw the truth, and spoke it."

Something of a novelty in literature is to be found in a recent French publication. *Les Marguerites des Temps Passés* is not only written in French by an Englishwoman, but is written in the old diction of the fifteenth century—an attempt at pre-Raphaelitism in a thoroughly new field. Mrs. Darmstetter, the author, was Miss Mary Robinson, whose

Italian themes are well known to English readers. She is said to have written early French with wonderful facility. But such instances are not unusual. We have in our country writers, like H. H. Boyesen, who have thoroughly mastered the intricacies of our tongue. Carl Schurz is another example; like Kossuth, he is able to write and speak the most polished English. Dr. Paul Carus, of the *Open Court*, a philosophical journal, writes excellent and incisive English of the most idiomatic kind, though his acquaintance with the language is only of a few years' duration. On the other hand, men, even of the capacity of the great poet Goethe, have essayed the writing of English in vain. Recently, an attempt on his part to translate his own quatrains has come to light, and a sorrier medley can scarce be imagined.

BRIEF COMMENT.

The London correspondent of the *New York Sun*, in reporting the reception, by the great London dailies, of the *History of David Grieve*, says: "There is a consensus of opinion that the book is wearisome and long drawn out, with very few redeeming merits."—Dorothea Lummis is in despair. "It is of no use," she writes from Los Angeles to *The Critic*, "any more to make up one's mind, is it? It won't stay made: what with *The Literary World* nibbling at even Herbert Spencer, with Agnes Repplier regarding Oscar Wilde's poems as a 'best book,' what is anybody to depend on? Then here is Molly Eliot Seawell blossoming out into a lot of nice sane, wholesome truths about women, and pricking their new vain-gloriousness with sisterly skill!"—Works on the social position of women, according to the latest index of the British Museum, increased in the last half of the decade, as compared with the first, from 54 to 72; on education of women, from 18 to 25; on employments of women, from 19 to 27; on women's clubs, from 3 to 10; dress reform, on the contrary, decreased from 17 to 4; and works on dress, dress-making, needlework, and embroidery, from 78 to 64; perhaps the most significant decrease is that from 116 to 70 in works on marriage and divorce.—A unique magazine, recently established in New York, has the happy title *Uncut Leaves*; it is not published; its contents can only be known at the monthly meetings when its articles are read; the articles are short, and, wherever possible, are read by their authors.

—Sir Edwin Arnold, when asked recently by a New York acquaintance if Christian missionaries were making much impression on the Buddhists of India, replied, with a laugh, that they were making about as much impression as if any one should attempt to perfume the ocean by pouring cologne water into it.—Australian literature is recognized in Hazell's Annual for 1892 by the inclusion of a biographical notice of Mr. J. F. Hogan, whose two latest works, *The Lost Explorer* and *The Convict King*, have added considerably to his literary reputation.—Miss Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, author of *Jinrikisha Days*, was unanimously elected secretary of the National Geographical Society at their annual meeting, recently held in Washington; this is the first time a woman has held a position of such honor in a geographic or scientific society of so much importance.—James M. Barrie, once an inveterate smoker, now declares, in *My Lady Nicotine*, that "the very smell of tobacco is abominable, for one cannot get it out of the curtains, and there is little pleasure in existence unless the curtains are all right."—Cora Fabbri, a gifted young poet, died January 12th at San Remo, Italy, after a brief illness; the pleasure of seeing her verses in print was never realized, Harper and Brothers having only recently published them in a dainty volume; of them, Richard Henry Stoddard, in the *Mail and Express*, writes: "There are many faulty things in these Lyrics of Miss Fabbri, that as a whole the collection is a promise rather than a performance; but there is no doubt of her being a poet; her faults are those that only a poet could commit, and that they are committed in the present condition of verse is a hopeful sign, for they are not such as obtain among the young poets of England or America, who as a body have more knowledge than feeling, and more language than thought."—De Maupassant, in the preface to his *Pierre et Jean*, makes this literary manifesto: "It is more difficult to manipulate a sentence at will, to make it say everything, even what it refrains from saying, to fill it with sub-indications and latent intentions . . . than to invent new phrases, or to rake up from the depths of old, unknown books a heap of expressions which have lost all use and meaning."—The first dictionary of the Korean language has been made by Mr. James Scott of the British consular service in China. Korean is far more difficult to learn than Chinese, and the work has cost Mr. Scott years of industry

and patient research.—“There is poetry,” says James Whitcomb Riley, “in the whistle of steamboats, the whirr of machinery, and the noise of industry; as much heroism is displayed daily in the great Pittsburg workshops as in a nightly sally from a castle in olden times.”—“It would be difficult,” declares the literary critic of the New York Tribune, “to name a finer example of the historical novel than Henryk Sienkiewicz’s *The Deluge*; it even surpasses in interest and power the same author’s romance, *With Fire and Sword*, to which it is a sequel.”—George Meredith is reported to be an enthusiastic admirer of Hawthorne’s work, holding that perhaps no native-born Englishman has ever attained to such perfection of limpid English prose as has the American.—“After a little study and meditation,” says the New York Sun, “we have become convinced that the Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus, the far-famed Chicago poet, is only another name for that flashing, evanescent, and roguish genius, Eugene Field.”—H. M. Hutchinson, the author of *The Autobiography of the Earth*, has written a new book called *The Story of the Hills*.—Notwithstanding the Czar’s promises to Countess Leo Tolstōi to have the imperial censor deal more leniently with her husband’s writings, the book, *Conversations with and Criticisms of Tolstōi*, published by R. Lewenfeld, in Germany, has been suppressed in Russia.—Here is a picture of Bourget, in the first of Mme. Van de Velde’s entertaining volumes on French Fiction of To-day: “He is thirty-seven, delicate, nervous, and sensitive; domiciled in Paris, amid semi-Oriental surroundings, he is continually seeking solitude elsewhere, though the country bores him, and travelling makes him ill; it is ‘his little foible that he persistently grumbles, although without acrimony, blaming not life, but himself; and, in spite of this peculiarity, he is, especially in *tête-à-tête*, a delightful companion and a charming talker; his work is laboriously conscientious, and no one has plagued the printers so sorely since Balzac.’”—Andrew Lang, in preparing the new edition of the *Waverley Novels*, will have the advantage of access, granted by Sir Walter’s great-granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, to all MSS. and other material now at Abbotsford; he will supply a preface and notes to each volume; Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, have secured the American edition, which will be published simultaneously with the London one—Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., is to publish

another volume of poems; its title will be *Blanaid, and Other Poems on Legendary Subjects*, and the volume will be altogether founded on the legendary history of Ireland.—Henry James is forty-eight years of age and began life as a lawyer.—Mr. J. F. Hogan's new book, *The Convict King*, just issued in London, is a veritable romance of real life; it is the first complete account of the career of Jorgen Jorgenson, one of the most remarkable adventurers of the century.—The effusions of "M. Quad" in the *Arizona Kicker* have evidently "riled" the people of that State; in discussing the *Kicker*, Governor Irwin thus unbosomed himself recently to a reporter at Kansas City: "I seriously believe the things that have appeared so often in plate papers under the guise of clippings from the *Arizona Kicker* have done the Territory great injury; it is pretty safe to say that half the people who read those things take them in good faith; when such items as 'Long Jones called at our office last week with the avowed intention of kicking a lung out of us,' etc., appear in a paper, it is naturally taken for granted that the paper is tough and the locality too."—Mabel F. Robertson, author of *The Butler's Ward*, *Disenchantment*, and other clever novels, is a young Englishman, thirty-four years of age.—A writer in the *Boston Transcript* claims that "the natural readers of Meredith find him as intelligible and simple and forceful as the natural readers of Browning find him."—Mrs. Annie Besant is just now in the throes of bringing out another edition of *the Secret Doctrine*; Mme. Blavatsky wrote and published two volumes, but died before the third was finished.—In an editorial in the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, Agnes Repplier, the brilliant essayist, receives this recognition: "Her voice rings, clear and happy, above the sighs and whinings of a low-spirited generation; how featly she foots it among the literary problems of the day—with what 'joyful scorn' she laughs away the pretensions of solemn cant, enlivening her theme with a fertility of wit that never flags."—The *Memoir of Bastien-Lepage*, by André Theuriet, is an interesting book recently published in London; other writers contribute to the work; George Clausen, an analytical essay on Lepage as an artist; Walter Sickert, a paper on Modern Realisms in Painting; and Mathilde Blind, a study of Marie Bashkirtseff.—The worship of Ibsen has sensibly declined in fervor in Boston since, when asked if he would visit

America, he replied, "That frog pond!"—One leading Parisian physician, Dr. Charcot, has gone so far as to say that De Maupassant is typical of his class, and that all literary men will sooner or later succumb to insanity on account of the nervous emotional stress and strain of their profession.—"A Widower Indeed, by Rhoda Broughton and Elizabeth Bisland, is," says the London Gentlewoman, "despite such a combination of talent, a tedious and disappointing book; neither author is at her best, or even her second best."—The London Speaker is surprised that a reviewer in another English weekly has the temerity to speak of "Mr." 'Julien Gordon.' "We should have thought," it says, "internal evidence would have prevented such a mistake; Julien Gordon's stories are exactly such as many who have not read them suppose 'Ouida's' to be—full of doubtful grammar, false emphasis, foreign words, inexcusable vulgarity, and 'the trappings and the suits' of passion; her latest book, A Puritan Pagan, is as nauseous as can be, and a striking illustration of the mistake the would-be moralist often makes in using the novel as a pulpit."—Julian Hawthorne declares that, "Every day American magazines get tamer, more monotonous, less individual, and, by and by, nobody will consent to read them; and then the magazine, as it now is, will come to a sudden and inglorious end, which will be a fortunate thing for American literature."—Dr. Paul Garnier, the eminent alienist, says that there are passages in Guy de Maupassant's story, The Horla, which excel in accuracy and intensity anything a clinical doctor could write in depicting the agony, the terrors, and the infatuations of delirious hallucination produced by intoxication.—Archibald Forbes, who is declared to have made \$100,000 by his lectures in Australia and New Zealand, says that "in America it takes you a year to get your name up, a year to make your pile, and a year to fizzle out."—A Parisian rival to Tit-Bits, L'Harlequin, was started recently; the first issue, the proprietors boasted, consisted of a million copies.—The Boston Transcript is goaded to exclaim: "Why must Mark Twain write such deadly dull and flat things in the teeth of his advancing years? He was bad enough when he was funny, but now——."—Grace Hawthorne published recently a little volume entitled Thespian Truths, which deals with the moral dangers of the stage, fetters of the art, the value of the *mise en scène*, and passion

and sentiment, with notes relative to Malibran, Rachel, and other eminent artists.—The clever Saunterer in Town Topics, reviewing *Women Must Weep*, a recent successful novel, says: "Mr. Edgar Fawcett writes always a readable book, although he has a fashion of accenting his characters and incidents to a degree that at times suggests scene-painting; he has, too, the fault, which he shares with Mr. Howells, of punishing savagely venial sins; if punishment were meted out in the real world as inexorably as these gentlemen inflict it, life would become an impossibility."—Authors, according to a paragraph in the Athenæum, have found out yet one more trick of their crafty enemy; when a new book appears, it is said that the wicked publishers post the miserable writer every unkindly notice that appears—so overwhelm him with these dumb yet eloquent reproaches that when settling-day comes he is happy to get the most diminutive check, and has not impudence to grumble even if none is forthcoming.—The fourth volume of Bancroft's *Builders of the Commonwealth* has just appeared; there will be ten volumes in all from the same prolific source before the year is out.—The Publishers' Circular shows that the number of books published in England in 1891 was 5706—4429 new books and 1277 new editions; these figures show a slight decrease from those of the previous year, a larger decrease from 1889, and a still larger when compared with the number in 1888, which was 6591.—The villains of history are, according to the New York Evening Telegram, now being so carefully whitewashed by historical students that it is being robbed of some of its most alluring characters. Caesar, Borgia, Nero, Cromwell, and several others of shady reputation, have of late won champions who defend them valiantly against the attacks of their enemies; if this continues history will become a monotonous procession of heroes.—A recent English criticism of Howells is, that his novels and stories "have hardly any ends, and often do without beginnings."

See Book List on front advertising pages.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.